VICE

FREE

VOLUME 2 NUMBER 6

HATE

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Lee

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In Mexico City, you can buy a swazzie armband and a Transformer at the same flea-market stand. See pg. 27.

VOLUME 2
NUMBER 6

Cover photo by Terry Richardson

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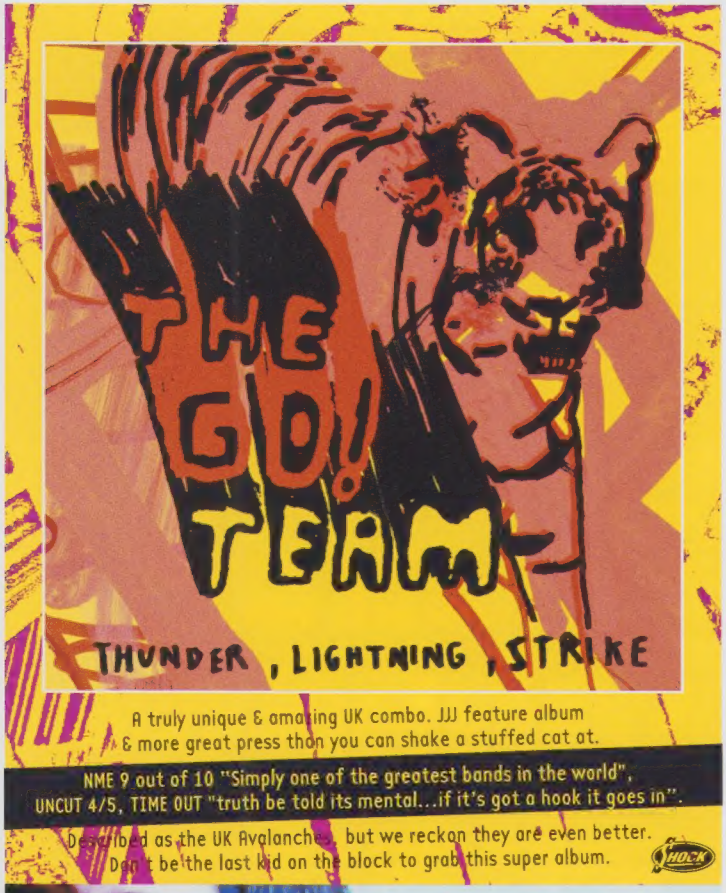

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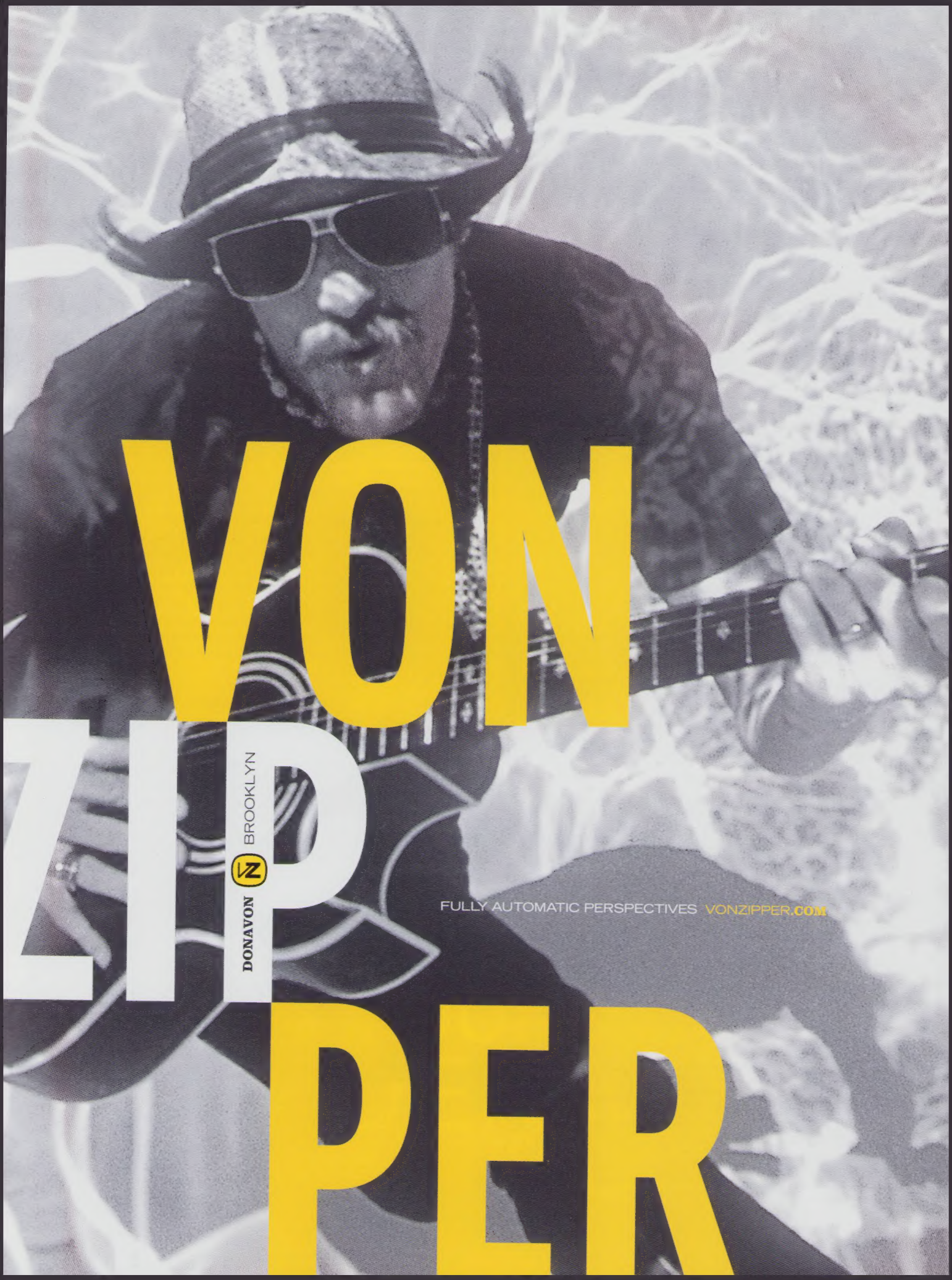
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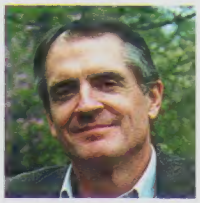
Employees of the Month



JARED TAYLOR

Author of *Paved With Good Intentions: The Failure of Race Relations in Contemporary America* and *The Real American Dilemma: Race, Immigration, and the Future of America*, Jared is often seen as an arbiter of hate. That's why we paired him up with a Nazi to see if they disagreed. They did. Jared doesn't know shit about hate. But he does know everything about almost everything else.

*See **A Fascist Vs. a Nationalist Vs. a Socialist**, pg. 38*

JIM GOAD

Jim likes Jews and blacks. He published *ANSWER Me!* magazine, and he's very fond of Jews and black people. He wrote *The Redneck Manifesto* and *Shit Magnet*, and he's cuckoo crazy about Jewishness and blackness. His website is jimgoad.com, where you can read of his affinity for all things Semitic and African.

*See **Skinheads Against White People**, pg. 30*

JANEANE GAROFALO

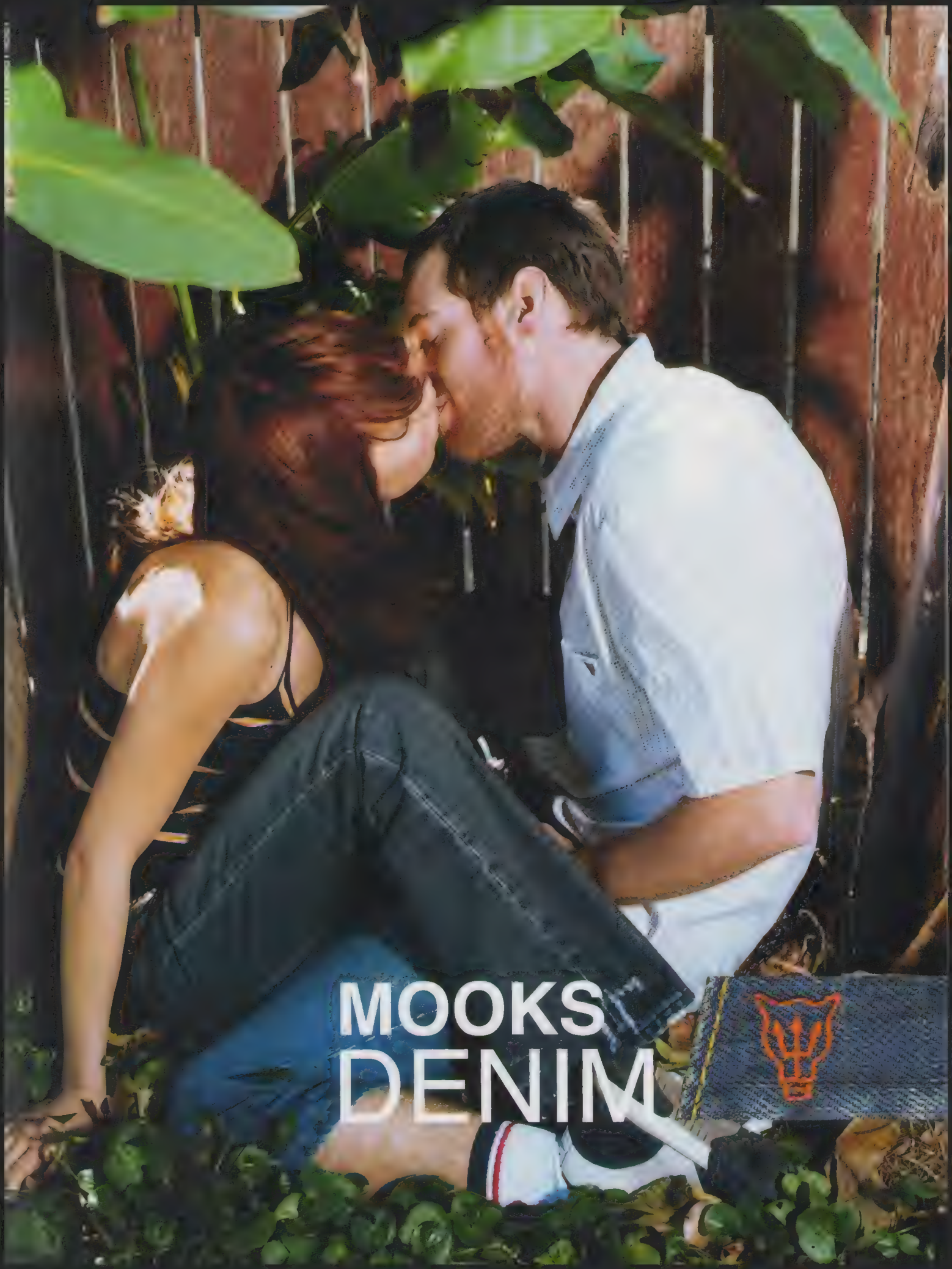
Cohost of *The Majority Report* on Air America Radio, Janeane morphed from involuntary "slacker" poster girl (how bullshit was that whole media creation?) into an actual, real-life political voice. That's right—the rest of the cast of *Reality Bites* fell into utter moral disarray, while Garofalo became an authentic, living and breathing, smart person with a lot to say. That's no mean feat. Most people who arrived to fame in the early 90s are begging for nickels to pay for the heroin they shoot up (with toilet water in the syringe) in a coffee shop in Seattle with Soul Asylum playing in the background.

*See **I Hate the Right**, pg. 22*

JURGEN CONTEMPT

Jurgen is a seriously mysterious character and from what we can tell, spends $90 every year changing his name by deed poll to make sure he stays that way. He is also a complete walking contradiction—spending his time holed up arranging and rearranging his elaborate toy collection but then hating on people who collect. The place Jurgen feels most at home is Japan where his obsessive compulsive habits are considered normal. He told us that he had to move back to Australia though after he went six months without speaking to a single person.

*See **Hardcore Collectors**, pg. 68*


MOOKS
DENIM

TOTAL CONFUSION

Vice

What the fuck happened to this month's ish? If I wanted this sort of shit I'd buy rolling stone and FHM. A few issues ago you told me not to subscribe, so I did. This month you're telling me to subscribe, so I want to cancel. If I could remember my proper name I'd ask you never to send me one again.

R
Via email

WORST ISSUE EVER

Dear Vice,

Brilliant work on the worst issue ever. I thought you went a bit too far with the "DOs & DON'Ts," however, but then, I'm a softie. One terrible magazine stereotype you forgot was the black-and-white picture of Kurt Cobain with the word "Why?" below it. NME seems to have him on about 50% of their covers. You could have had a photo retrospective. Also, Billy Zane. He is the worst guy on earth. Why didn't you rag on him?

ANDREW FRASIER
Via email

Shit! Where were you when we were putting the issue together? Now that's going to bug us every time we look at it.

P.S. How about Billy's eyebrows? What are those, sports cars?

RE-DUMB-DANT

Vice,

The author of the article "Hippy Fascists" is dumb. So dumb, their writing doesn't even warrant five seconds of real thought. Insulting a documentary filmmaker for being "inaccurate" is a useless claim. In fact, all of Vice's film-related mutterings are an incredible waste of time and space.

Love,
LOUIS
Via email

Yeah, except for the parts where Moore DID make a million mistakes in Bowling for Columbine and college kids DO scream "Nazi" and "fat pig" and "dumb" so they won't have to do any work.

SAD RAPE

Vice,

Usually, I can make my way through Vice's parade of offenses pretty much unscathed (enough so to keep me reading for about three years now).

But last night, I don't know what pissed me off more: The rape comment I read in the Japanese "DOs" item, or the fact that there's nothing I could say in response to it that could wipe off your permanent smirks long enough to have you consider how hurtful/callous/not-even-funny-in-an-uncomfortable-kinda-way it was.

Bummer that you guys seem to no longer be writing for anyone but yourselves and double-bummer that I now have one less magazine title to keep on my coffee table.

Maybe it would take having one of your moms, sisters, daughters, or friends get raped to keep you sticking safely to the racial jokes, but I wouldn't wish that on anyone.

Pretty confident that you'll write me off as just another member of one of the many demographics you joke about then disregard.

LEIGH-ANN
Via email

RAPE APE

Dear Vice,

I love all your jokes and have been a big "DOs & DON'Ts" fan since you were back in Montreal, but saying a girl looks so good "not even a good raping can put out the fire" is quite simply going over the line. It just shows how Vice is a predominantly male magazine and you have no idea what us women go through. Sad piece of ignorance in an otherwise brilliant magazine.

ELLEN MAVERIS
Jersey City, NJ

The author responds again: Actually, if you want to get into the numbers, rape is a predominantly male phenomenon. About 100,000 women get raped every year, but when you take prison into account, 2.1 million men get raped every year. Unless their cases are less important than yours, it's women who need to be more sensitive to what men go through.

R.I.P. NIGHT FLIGHT

Dear *Vice*,

My mom died last Monday. She produced *Night Flight*, the rock'n'roll video show. She showed cult movies and new music videos from midnight to 4 a.m. on the USA Network in the early 80s, before MTV. Here's a picture of my mom with Kiss.

Thanks for making me smile this morning.

LILAH
Via email

Are you serious? *Night Flight* was amazing. They'd show an entire Clash concert and then a Roxy Music video and then some weird short film with Lydia Lunch about the apocalypse. We can't wait to get to heaven to hang out with her.

WE GOT ROBBED

Vice,

Earlier this morning, while sitting on the can scrunching a grumpy, I was flipping through my mother's *Glamour* magazine and noticed that they have began running a "DOs & DONT's" fashion critique of their own. I just thought that their unabashed naming of this piece was a real kick in the balls to your magazine. Check it out yourself. Looks like *Glamour* magazine is a big DON'T to me.

SEAN ROBERTS
Via email

If this is a joke, you are funny.

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鏡花水月
他心中只有比賽、比賽早在心中！
HE KEPT HIS MIND ON HIS GAME.
AND HIS GAME ON HIS MIND.
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SPECIAL LETTERS EXTRA: WHAT DO YOU HATE?

Dear *Vice*,

I hate it when people throw their cigarette butts in the street. That asinine sense of entitlement is some selfish bullshit and is symbolic of thinking that someone else is responsible for keeping this place a beautiful one to live in. Same goes for gum. Chew it and smoke it all you want, but own your trash. And I hate it when people aren't nice to each other. I shouldn't even say that's what I hate, because I don't hate it. I just really like it when people are nice to each other. And the thing I really love is when people who you expect to be hateful towards each other do the opposite.

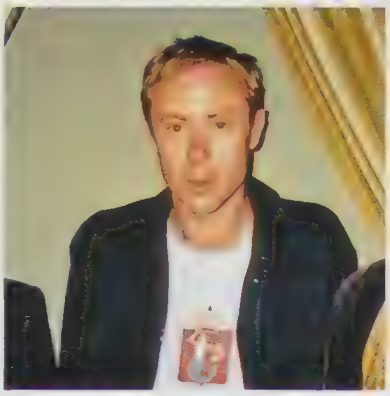
Yours,
ANTHONY

Anthony Kiedis's memoir, *Scar Tissue*, was released in October. His dad first blew weed smoke in his face when he was four.

Vice,

I hate it when you're at the cash point right, and the cash point doesn't have any money in it and the person in front of you didn't tell you it was empty so you go to the cash point and put your card in and it says no money and you think "Why the fuck didn't that person in front of me nicely say 'oh the cash point's not working'" instead of me waiting to put my fucking card in, typing my number and then being told. Y'know if I go to a cash point and it's run out of money and there's someone waiting behind me I'll say to them "look it's run out of money better try another one." It's just basic courtesy.
PAUL RESENDE

Paul Resende is the front man for hot UK band Ikara Colt. Their awesome new album *Modern Apprentice* is out now through Smash Music.



Vice,

What I really hate is the Howard Government and in particular their attitude towards and treatment of asylum seekers. Locking these poor people up for months, even years in god-awful nowhere-lands where all they can do is wait to be told an uncertain answer and if they're lucky get a 'temporary' protection visa. It's like they're all living inside a Franz Kafka novel. And why is our government doing this? Why are a few downtrodden foreign souls seen as threatening? I don't understand and I never liked Franz Kafka stories because you can never win—there is no hope. They torture these people by dangling the carrot of hope just out of reach and the only real reason I can see to do such a thing to them is meanness! And now the populace has re-elected Howard in droves. The injustice of it all feels crippling. I hate what has happened to this country where the majority of people just plainly don't have a heart. To hate something means you also fear it and I'm really scared of what is happening here and where it may go.
MICK TURNER

Mick Turner does magic things with guitars in legendary Australian band The Dirty Three. You can catch a rare glimpse of them when they play at the Meredith Festival this December 10th–12th along with bands like The Unicorns, Cobra Killer and Young Heart Attack.

Dear *Vice*,

I hate sugar, bad food, and rap music with bad lyrics.

Best wishes,
BRIAN WILSON

Brian Wilson, the visionary leader of the Beach Boys, finally released his lost masterpiece, *Smile*, last month. He will be in Australia in early December to play some live shows.

Dear *Vice*,
I hate...

1. Po-faced Protestors. Here's the first rule of political activism. If you're ever in a room with a group of people and no one has a sense of humour, run away. During my uni years I spent two hours in a grotty Che-postered house listening to someone passionately argue that a protest banner showing Bart Simpson with the caption "Suharto Eat My Shorts" should be banned from our Free East Timor march, because we shouldn't 'appropriate' corporate images. Eat My Shorts, Hippy.
2. Depression Snobs. I once talked to a

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更仇視球員！
THEY BROKE THE CODE
OF THE STREETS.
THEY HATED THE PLAYER.
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depression 'rights advocate' at a party, a man who seemed proud to have the condition. I told him about some unhappy things going through my mind and he said with a sneer "That's not depression, that's just sadness". Hey asshole, if you're so depressed, why haven't you killed yourself?

3. People who play the "I've been crushed by the jackboot of censorship" card, when they haven't. It's amazing the infinitesimal pretexts people have for crying 'censorship' these days. Someone disagrees with you in public? Don't argue back, claim they're trying to 'censor' you! I heard a woman on ABC radio recently who had planted an anti-war sign in her front yard. A neighbour responded by planting a *pro*-war sign in *his* front yard. She claimed this was 'censorship'. No, honey. When I come over to your house and shoot you in the face, *that's censorship*.
4. Girls who confuse The Marx Brothers with the The Three Stooges. I can't tell you the amount of times I've told a girl I like The Marx Brothers, to be greeted with rolled back eyes, then, after a bit of toing and froing, it becomes apparent they're confusing Groucho, Chico and Harpo with Curly, Mo, Schmo and Fuckwit, or whatever they're called.

JOHN SAFRAN

John Safran is the funny guy who won *Race Around The World.* His new show *John Safran vs God* is one of the best things to happen to Australian television. The series is available now on DVD through Madman Entertainment.

Dear *Vice*,

I hate Mondays because Mondays mean I can't sleep as much as I can on Sundays. I love to sleep. Monday is the start of the working week and I've never been busier. I'm working on my solo album, which is out next year. Where's my favorite place to sleep? In my bed in my beautiful house in the South of France.

Love,

SIOUXSIE

Siouxsie Sioux was the first goth chick. She made that whole thing happen.

Hey Vice,

I hate it when you drink 50 beers, jump on a Vespa and drive off at high speed, crash into a tree and end up in a dirty Balinese hospital. Then being told that you have 6 fractured vertebras and watching your mates sail off to the Mentuwis. That's what I fuckin hate.

OZZ

Oska Wright surfs for Volcom. He's a mad drinker, artist and singer in goth-shlock Aussie band *Goons of Doom.*

Hi *Vice*,

I hate the color brown. I fucking hate wet socks. I hate people when they sneeze sitting next to me on airplanes. I hate the amount of time that I piss away doing nothing. I hate almost every movie that I have ever made. I hate that in America the right to vote is taken for granted. And I hate that having an opinion that might differ from the fucksticks on Capitol Hill is considered unpatriotic. It's the new McCarthyism (which I would have hated had I lived in that time). I hate people who use the words "organic" and "indeed" in a sentence. I hate shaved poontang (don't get me wrong, I will tolerate it, but I just hate it). I hate pleated pants. I hate puking when I'm drunk. I hate when I'm hungover and my tongue feels furry. I hate clever bumper stickers on cars. I hate crowds. I hate intolerant people, and I hate people with too much tolerance. One is full of ignorance, the other is full of shit. Oh hell, I almost forgot, I really hate pantyhose. And with the exception of Vladimir Nabokov and Iceberg Slim, I hate authors who use hundred-dollar words to complete their two-dollar thoughts. I hate the Santa Ana winds. I fucking despise West L.A. I hate people who think their religion is the only real truth. I hate anyone who picks a fight with someone they know they can whip. I hate when people think by fucking someone smart and talented that they themselves miraculously become smart and talented as well. And I hate people who think they are so goddamn smart.

Best,

JOHNNY

Johnny Knoxville is the inventor of *Jackass* and he is in movies.

Hello *Vice*,

I hate dumbness. People have lost their jobs over the past four years voting for Bush, but they're still going to vote for him. He's an asshole. Voting against your own interest is dumb. He's a fuck-up. I got a lot of friends who are fuck-ups, doesn't mean I want them to be President.

HUNTER S. THOMPSON

Hunter S. Thompson is the author of many books that you like. You can read his column "Hey Rube" at espn.com.

LETTERS GATHERED BY VICE STAFF

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NIKEBASKETBALL.COM
HOW DO YOU DEFEAT
AN OPPONENT WHO KNOWS
YOUR EVERY MOVE?
恐懼殿堂
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HITLER DOLLS

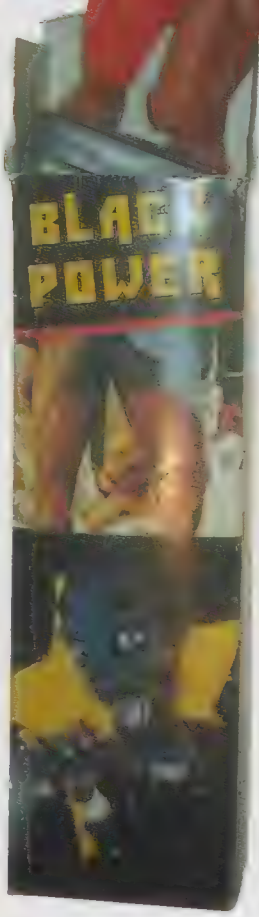
The best thing about buying Hitler dolls and figurines is the weird disclaimers the companies make so nobody thinks they're racist. Inthepasttoys.com made these guys and they want you to know that "these dolls are meant to be used for historical reference." Our favorite however is Kingandcountry.com, whose Third Reich models are, "A warning in miniature" despite disturbingly reverent box copy like, "Their reputation for bravery and daring was second to none. Unfortunately their fanaticism led to several major atrocities that mar an otherwise excellent military record."

HIGH WINE

OK, it's not like the stereotype is unfounded. After all, the statistic is 100% of Native Americans have a family member that has a serious problem with alcohol. But making it the logo of the strongest booze in South America is a bit rich. That's like calling a toothpaste Darkie or a toilet brush Black Man or house cleaning soap Hispanic (oh shit, they did).

KKK KNIFE

This may be a funny thing to open your mail with at work but DO NOT take it home! You will invariably forget it is in your pocket, then you'll go to a strip club where the black bouncer will make you empty your pockets into that plastic dish next to the metal detector and then you're left trying to explain postmodern race irony to a guy that grew up in his friend's garage.



BLACK DICK

Yes, negroes do tend to have bigger penises then most other races. Got it. The thing that's truly hard to comprehend is everyone else's obsession with that fact. White men care about black men's dicks more than black women do. These guys aren't racists. They're fags. Hey guy who bought this and laughed his head off for three hours, if you're so mesmerized by it why don't you just drop to your knees and give it a good smoke. You know you want to.

SS CD CASE

We get it. You're a Nazi. What else do you have, SS socks and underwear? Jesus Christ take it easy. You're like the Pee-Wee Herman of racism.

RAPE DETTERENT

Back in college we were taught that rape has more to do with assault than sex and half the time he doesn't have a boner, but come on. Are you telling me some overwhelming wafts of dead man barf shit isn't going to turn the guy off a bit? How can this shit *not* work?

HOREHOUND

Yo! This goes out to that phase guys go through from about 23 to 27 when, after fucking for a few years and finally getting it right, they go on a whore bender. That means hanging out in shitty bars where you don't know anyone and working on blue-collar trash who chews gum real loud and would get fake tits if she could afford it. Then, after about four years of being a "whore hound" they wash their dicks off and come back to the girl next door they always loved.

HISPANIC SOAP

When you see cleaning products named after blacks and Hispanics you think to yourself, "How fucking behind are these countries? Like, we might have done that 50 or 60 years ago. What is the matter with them? Don't they have the internet?" And then it hits you, "Oh, the countries that market these products are just really fucking stupid and poor."

PAKY TAKY

The best parts of East Indians are those tiny pieces of rebellion they manage to squeeze under the fascist parent wire. Sure, Rajiv will be forced to wear slacks, dress shoes and a tie to school every day, but he managed to get a Dr. Dre *The Chronic* baseball hat and an Ecko sweater into the mix. And then the girls trick their mothers into thinking they got a nose ring because it's traditional (ha ha mom, it's punk here you stupid bitch). At first glance it looks kind of tacky but then you realize it's so uncool it's cool.

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Top row (l-r): Domino's Pizza, hippies, James Lipton; middle row (l-r): models, Ralph Reed, real estate agents; bottom row (l-r): Sean Hannity, the Pope, the Yankees

THE HATE LIST

A Conclusive Guide

Things I Hate:
1. Hate
2. Lists

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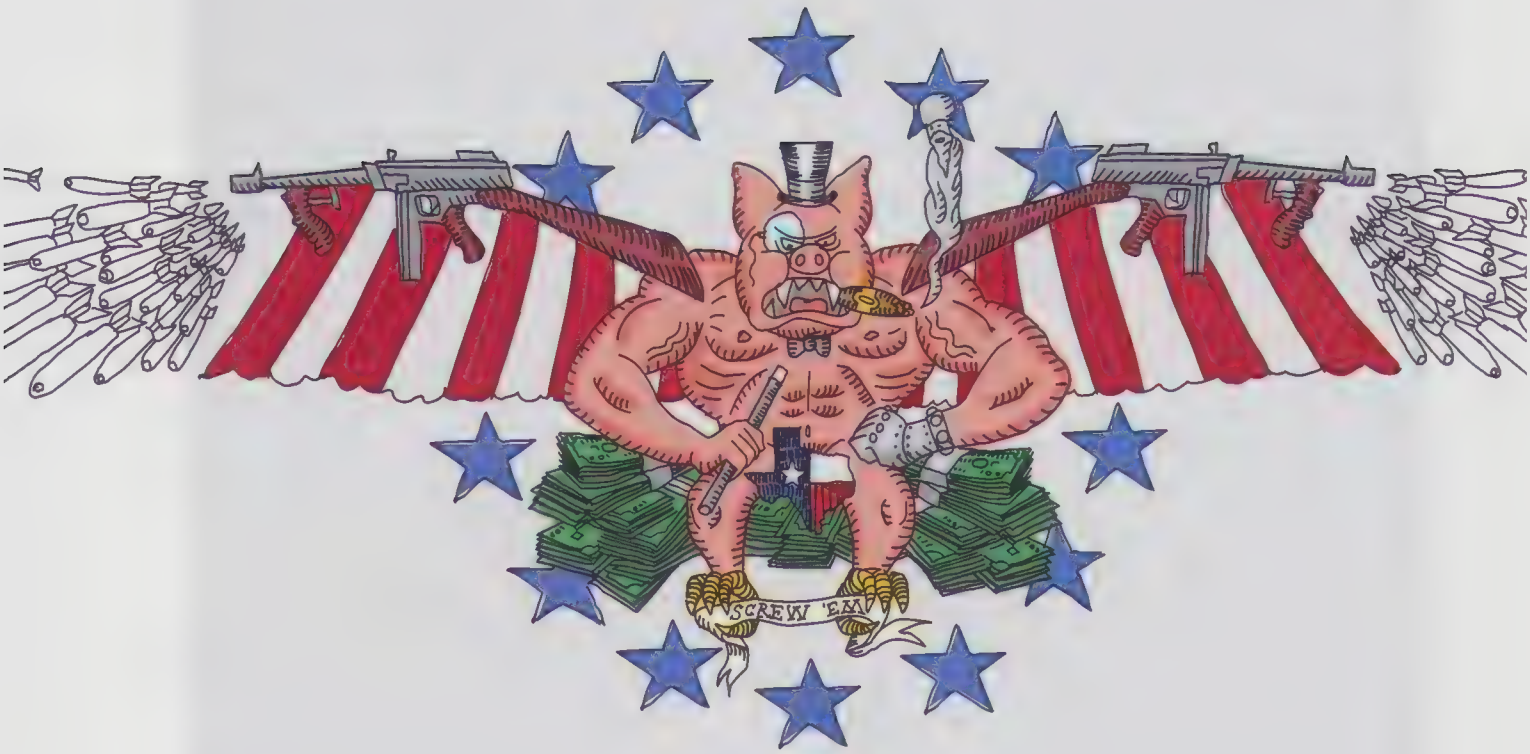

I HATE THE RIGHT

They Are a Bunch of Stupid Stupids

I HATE THE RIGHT BECAUSE THEY'RE ALL ABOUT THWARTING people's potential. They hinder imagination and the ability to move forward toward enlightenment and modernity.

It's because of the right that we keep revisiting the same culture wars, militarism in all of its forms, and their version of manliness, which includes the lauding of anti-intellectualism. I mean, I can't believe we're talking about women's rights and gay issues again. We're even talking about the end of days again.

This repetition, all of the right wing's laziness and negligence, results in a culture that is almost premodern. If you watched the Republican National Convention, it was basically the Flat Earth Society convening in Madison Square Garden. I covered the convention for Air America Radio, hour after hour after hour. It was the worst collection of white people in America, under one roof, I've ever seen.

The right wing loves easy symbolism. They love to pretend that they are the patriots, and they love to pretend that they support the troops. But what's their number one thing? No taxes. That's their number one prime mover—they don't want to pay into the system. They don't want to take care of the infrastructure. They don't want to pay more taxes that would result in veterans' benefits or public education. The people of the right are the ultimate in arrogant selfishness, and they lead incredibly unexamined lives.

This is tied into that anti-intellectual urge, where it's bad to take a moment to make any kind of inquiry into how things work, but it's good to make strong pronouncements like "Stay the course." They seem to be unable to look beyond their own interests, and that's where you get crony capitalism and no-bid contracts and privatizations for the free market. It's basically a "you can go fuck yourself" ideology. They're not capitalists—they're corporate profiteerists. They're robber barons. Guys like Grover Norquist are trying to push things toward a feudal society. And that's also part of the right's machismo thing. Like "Pull yourself up by the bootstraps!" Like some outdated Horatio Alger thing. What they don't account for is that some people are born with long bootstraps and some people are born without any shoes at all.

The right also has this idea that if you give money—corporate tax breaks and corporate welfare—to wealthy people, they do good things with it. But if you give any kind of breaks to poor people, they become lazy.

Then there is the immigration issue. This is interesting with the right, because there's a little bit of elasticity there. Whatever's politically expedient, whatever will get more votes, they'll vacillate toward it. Of course, you also have the Pat Buchanan right-winger, who is very isolationist and xenophobic.

CONTINUED ON PG89

AN EXISTENTIAL COMEDY From the director of
FLIRTING WITH DISASTER and THREE KINGS

Dustin HOFFMAN · Isabelle HUPPERT · Jude LAW · Jason SCHWARTZMAN · Lily TOMLIN · Mark WAHLBERG · Naomi WATTS

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Photos, l-r, by Andy Capper and Peter Bienge.

NEGRO SKINS

Nice Fucking Tattoos, Dudes

TRENDS IN TATTOOS COME AND GO. TEN YEARS AGO ALL THE lesbians were getting Celtic knots on their arms. Now they're getting traditional sailor pieces to cover them up.

All the punks used to have homemade Exploited tats. Now they're not happy until they've got an all-seeing-eye-within-a-tree-holding-a-dagger-that's-stabbing-a-scorpion-who's-reading-the-bible-upside-down-on-top-of-a-traditional-English-sixpence design.

Whatever, dudes. One thing you can be sure of is that the true classics never die. Just look at the fine ink on these two brothers.

VICE: Hi, what's your name?
Pete: Swastika Pete.

What inspired your design?
Earlier this year, I made a bet with a Nazi skinhead from Orange County. He said he'd come and spend a weekend with my family if I got a swazzie tattoo. We both fulfilled our side of the bargain and both our eyes have been opened as a result.

Do you share the same views as him?
I'm a bit more quiet and reserved about my racism.

I'm pissed with certain elements of Somalians, West Indians, and Nigerians. They called my mum a black bitch on the bus.

What happened?
I'm like, "You're from Africa, where do you get off calling my mum a black bitch? You were on ITV a couple of years ago asking for biscuits, and we were sending you clothes or whatever. Now you're over here pimping and being bad boys."

Who else do you hate?
I'm not racist toward all people, but I am racist towards certain Bengalis. You can see where I'm coming from: 1. My girlfriend was nearly raped by one of them on Brick Lane, and 2. Because of the stickers I'm seeing around. One of them is Bin Laden and George Bush. It says, "You're either with the Jihad and a Muslim or you're a non-Muslim." I'm not pro-America or pro-Bush, but 9-11 wasn't an attack on America, it was an attack on humanity.

In London there isn't much of a white/black divide anymore, but there is a divide against Muslims because of these stickers. The other day at the video store they said to me, "This is Bengali turf, get out of here, you white fucker." I'm still trying to figure that one out.

TOUSSAINT OKELE

Swastika Pete is the guy on the left. The guy on the right is named Tiger and he got his swastika in Richmond, London. He didn't really want to talk to us about it, but Peter Bienge, who tattooed him, told us he got it to "piss off his neighbors because they told him he played his music too loud."

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Photo by Mauricio Katz

SPIC SKINS

Mexican Nazis at the Flea Market

THE *LAGUNILLA* IS THE BIGGEST FLEA MARKET IN MEXICO City. If you spend enough time there, you can find anything in the world. Even Nazis.

Sitting between fake Aztec blankets and eyeless Bart Simpson dolls, there's a stand that specializes in Third Reich memorabilia and racial literature. Mexican skinheads run it. Real, live, racist Mexican skins.

Their table is full of swastikas: on T-shirts, banners, jackets, books, helmets, and armbands. The two proprietors are Manolo, a mousy guy who works as a graphic designer, and Victor, a bald, chubby man who is a forensic M.D. When *Vice* visited, Manolo's small son was running around with a WWII German helmet on his head, clutching an original Nazi wooden club.

VICE: Can I interview you guys?
Manolo: Does it have anything to do with Israel?

Umm...no.
OK then.

So, how's business?

Victor: A lot of people look down on us, but we aren't selling ideologies here. Our products sell well because they're famous. Even if their meaning is destruction, they also encourage power. Those who buy from us span from the most ignorant to the smartest. We don't have things that could harm anyone or foment racism. That's up to the people who buy them.

You must catch a lot of shit.
Sure, we are attacked for what the stand represents. But sometimes even Jews come to buy from us for their theatrical plays. I imagine that they use them with another tone than we would, but we don't stand for any political posture. We just sell military antiques. There are even some people who buy them for fashion.

Come on. You're selling Nazi armbands. You must have at least one or two strongly held convictions, let's say.
We do believe in the Nazis, but more in their example of hard work and discipline. There are three noble points: honor, loyalty, and discipline. It takes discipline to maintain a stand like this. There are a lot of people who come here and just sit around waiting to steal from us. Plus, the police are always picking on us.

Is there anything else you're into besides the Nazi thing?
I also collect *Star Wars* action figures.

TATIANA LIPKES

Photo by the author

ALL MALAYSIAN SKINS

Hate the Police

IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT IN KUALA LUMPUR. TWO MALAYSIAN skinheads named Eddie and Kad are heading to a studio where some bands are practicing for tomorrow's big Oi! Fest at the Imperial Sheraton. Their car stereo plays tapes from local skin bands. Eddie points out one song that sounds like a reggae anthem, "We All Stand Together Cause We Are the Skins," by Roots and Boots (one of the most popular skinhead bands in KL).

The skinhead movement that has taken root in Malaysia is based on the original blueprint of working-class pride, beer, Oi! and ska, and hanging out almost exclusively at all-dude parties. (For some reason, 90% of girls avoid these dudes as if they were walking nerd penises wrapped in an AIDS shawl.)

Despite the lack of racial tension, being a skinhead in Malaysia has been illegal for a few years. That's right, Eddie and Kad are breaking the law simply by having shaved heads and wearing Dr. Martens. In the two most Islamic states (Terangganu and Kelantan), skinheads are uniformly rounded up by police and thrown in jail. Officials say this is because anti-Muslim neo-Nazis are the number one cause of crime in the country. The skinheads say this is old news, and they claim it wasn't them anyways, it was a small crowd of Nazi punks. No matter what the impetus is behind this tension, the point is that today all the skinheads (racist and non-) are united under one great big banner of hatred: the police.

"You can tell who's racist or not by the red or white laces" Eddie explains, "but we all hate the police. They're making our lives hell." In a city of 1.8 million, these Malaysian skinheads are a speck of dust, but the cops continue to harass them under the guise of protecting Muslims. "They don't understand that this is not Indonesia," Eddie says. "We're not greeting Chinese immigrants with a burning tire and we're not firebombing Muslims. We're just music fans that are proud to be Malaysian."

At the practice space we meet Sod, the singer of Roots and Boots. "I get all my energy from what the cops do to us," he says. "We're not drug addicts, and we all have jobs. They just don't like the fact we have our own culture and our own rules. Our songs are about praising all Malaysians for our national identity, but the cops arrest us and call it a cult. Whenever they see a bunch of skins together, they round them up and handcuff them. They lock everyone down and then give them all piss tests to see if they're getting high. Usually it's over in a half hour and the show goes on. I fucking hate the cops."

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RCA

Photo by South Jersey SHARP Daniel Silvers, circa 1991

SKINHEADS AGAINST WHITE PEOPLE

Why Are SHARPs So DULL?

BLOOD POURS FROM MY NOSE AS I STAND ON A DOWNTOWN Portland street corner, arguing with antiracist skinheads about grammar.

"Why the FUCK did you have to hit me?" I implore the half-dozen halfwits half my age who surround me. "If you had a problem with me, why couldn't you TALK about it? Fuck, I'll spot any one of you 40 IQ points and still outargue you!"

"Dumbass—'outargue' isn't a word," one of them smirks.

"It's in the DICTIONARY! It's one word! It's not even a HYPHENATE!" I scream.

I wipe my face. Both my palms are covered in my own blood. One of the muttonchopped Brit clones had sucker-punched me while I was in a nondefensive position.

I had been standing outside a nightclub's pizza window with my severely Jewish-looking Jew girlfriend when I first espied the six skins and a pair of skinettes eyeballing my Iron Cross necklace.

I identified them as the Rose City Bomber Boys, a rootin', tootin', pathologically antiracist skinhead crew who boast one Vietnamese member to deflect attention from the fact that the rest of them are the color of Ivory soap. They claim to no longer be affiliated with the Skinheads Against Racial Prejudice movement, yet I've never heard of them bum-rushing anyone for reasons other than nigger-hating or telling Jew jokes.

"What's with the Iron Cross?" one of the white boys had finally grilled me.

"It's a white thing," I said sarcastically. "Why don't you punch me for it?"

"That's fucked-up," he grunted.

"Yeah, man—you can make a name for yourself. My name is

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Photo: Strike 3

Jim Goad, and if you hit me, it'll be in every paper in the city."

"I'd *like* to be the guy who beats Jim Goad up," he said a microsecond before smashing my nose with his right fist.

As the blood started flowing, I looked down the street and saw a cop car about two blocks away. Unlike any of these young rebel skinheads, I'd been to prison and was on parole.

"What the fuck is your problem, anyway?" I ask as they swarm around me. "You all hate yourselves for being white?"

"I'm not white," one of the white boys says.

"Bitch, if you went to prison, I'll bet the *brothers* would think you're white."

My big-schnozzed girlfriend is screaming that she's Jewish and I'm not a Nazi and what the fuck what the fuck what the fuck?!?—a dozen years prior, she was the one who dropped a dime to the FBI, ratting out the Nazi skins who'd beaten an Ethiopian man to death with baseball bats—a crime from which lily-white Portland, the most Caucasian metro area in the USA, still feels the need to "heal" itself. In essence, she'd done more for the SHARP cause then they could ever do.

Still surrounded by a half-dozen short-haired mosquitoes, I now see clearly that my only option is to fight. I crack my assailant with an Earnie Shavers-style left hook, staggering him. I land three or four clean punches to his head, while all he can do is tear at my T-shirt like a bitch.

A cop car pulls up and we all scatter. All except the two skinettes, who lie to the police that it started when some assholes were shouting racist things.

I felt super-macho for days. A golfball-size lump formed on my left-hand middle finger, where I'd slammed his head.

"Goddamn, let me think twice before messing with you!" the club's security guard later laughed. "I've NEVER seen a left hook like that! You left a dent in that boy's head!"

Yes, sir. And I didn't feel guilty about it. I was furious. For all my alleged fascism, I'd NEVER harassed anyone based on their race, gender, sexual orientation, or fashion choices. It was a simple fucking IRON CROSS. And even if I'd been wearing a goddamned Flavor Flav swastika clock hanging down to my balls, it was NOBODY'S business to try and bully me about it.

A few days later, I see a wheelchair-bound black homeless man who'd witnessed the fight. "Why were those Nazis bothering you?" he asks me.

"They aren't Nazis," I tell him. "They thought *I* was a Nazi."

He's confused. As am I. As is the rest of the world.

I first heard of Skinheads Against Racial Prejudice in the early 90s. Defining themselves as the antidote to Nazi skins, they claim to be the "true" skinheads, reclaiming a tradition the racists had perverted. They operate from the assumption that it is possible—righteous, even—to beat someone into embracing racial tolerance. The SHARPies argue that you can't argue with Nazis—that Nazis only understand violence—and they have been proactive in routing white-power elements from the nearly all-white punk-rock scene.

But despite their name, you won't find SHARPs attacking members of the Nation of Islam, who clearly preach racial prejudice. No, their beef is entirely with white people or, for the ones who believe race is only an ideological construct, with the IDEA of whiteness. Only whites can be racist, goes their thinking, so only whites deserve to have their noses broken for it—by other whites, of course, who aren't being patronizing to black people or Jews at all by acting as their surrogate Defense League.

The SHARPs believe it's horrible to harass people for their skin color but MANDATORY to bully them over their alleged beliefs. A terrible thing to exterminate racial "scum" but a sacred duty to wipe out ideological "scum." Their antifascist rhetoric is amusingly fascistic. SMASH the Nazis with the Fist of Solidarity! LYNCH the racist scum! Don't let the sun set on you in THIS town, Nazi!

In Portland—once known as skinhead capital of the U.S.—SHARPs staged several strategic battles with racist skin gangs such as East Side White Pride. In 1993, Eric Banks, singer for white-power band Bound for Glory, was shot dead on the P-town streets by SHARP associates.

Banks's murder didn't get nearly as much publicity as the Nazis' baseball-bat bludgeoning of the Ethiopian, because as we all know, human lives are NOT equal, and the life of a white, male American Nazi is CLEARLY not worth as much as an Ethiopian immigrant's. We all know this to be a fact, so let's not even GO there.

In Portland, the antiracist skins were perhaps a little TOO successful in their mission. I moved here in '94. Ten years later, to my touristy disappointment, I've yet to see a single Nazi skinhead anywhere in town.

And because there are no real Nazis left, the SHARPs had to broadly expand their definition of what constitutes a Nazi in order to justify their existence.

Greasers, since they embraced a style from the segregation era, became prime targets for lopsided SHARPie beatdowns. So did skateboarders who wore the Independent logo with its evil Iron Cross. Really, anyone who made eye contact with them and didn't cower—or whatever intrepid soul dared question their thuggish Stalinist tactics—became an automatic Nazi worthy of a pummeling.

I've heard one story after the next of the Rose City boys smashing pint glasses in faces, holding a knife to a girl's throat, kicking a kid in the face when he was already down, and beating the brains out of a skinny German teen because he wasn't ashamed of being German.

And despite all the violence, and regardless of their loudly barked anticop stance, what's queer is that they hardly *ever* get arrested. Some have murmured that they must have friends in high places, sympathetic string pullers willing to allow just about any act of antiracist hooliganism so long as Portland's streets are kept Nazi-free.

See, it's like this—although they pose as street warriors bravely fighting a racist society, the truth is that SHARPs operate with society's overwhelming sympathy—all the news outlets, all the courts, all but a paltry handful of psychopathic racist nutjobs are APPALLED by Nazis to the point where they believe murder is too good for 'em.

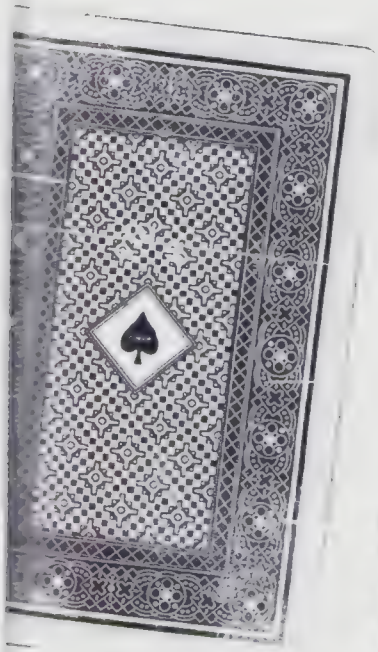
In 2004, you risk very little by saying you hate Nazis. It's such a popular stance, it borders on cowardly.

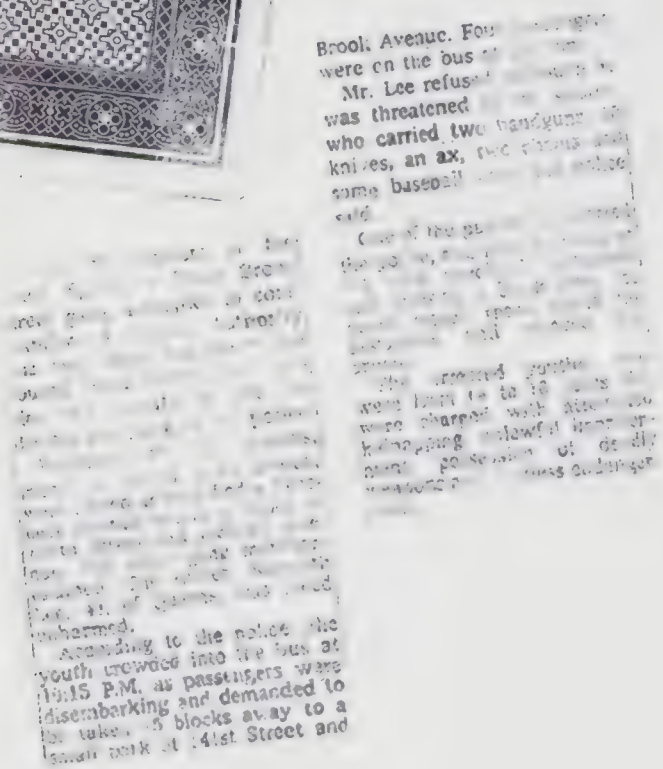
The bottom line is that SHARPs enjoy the homoerotic rush of boys bonding together through crisp uniforms and manly blood oaths, of sublimating their Rosicrucian cumlust through the orgiastic ritual of joining together and attacking another male's body.

Nothing wrong with that, really.

What's despicable is that they just can't come out and admit it. Instead, they hide behind the risk-free shield of anti-racism, the last refuge of scoundrels.

A few days after my initial run-in with the anti-Nazis—also, ironically, a few days after a white-power website accused me of being a Jew lover and a race traitor—a representative of the Rose





Brook Avenue. Fou
were on the bus
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was threatened
who carried two handguns
knives, an ax, two
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were charged with
harmed.

According to the police the youth crowded into the bus at 10:15 P.M. as passengers were disembarking and demanded to be taken 5 blocks away to a small park at 141st Street and

black SPADES collection by niqve

City skins meets with me and explains that his gang has no beef with me—it was merely a personal thing between me and the sucker-puncher, who had read my work and decided I was a "sick" individual who needed to be killed. Sucker-punch boy had told his homies I'd written about how I enjoyed "beating the Jew" out of my wife.

"That's ludicrous!" I say, resentful that I even have to explain myself. "I'll give you my books—you can see for yourself. I've never written anything *remotely* like that. My book *The Redneck Manifesto* is the most nonracist book in the world—it argues that class, not race, is what's important."

"I don't want to read your stuff," he says, almost wary that it might rub off on him. "All you had to do was take off that Iron Cross, and everything would have been OK."

"But that's just the point—nobody appointed you the police. Fuck, you guys dress all British, and that's the most racist nation in history! It wasn't the *Americans* who enslaved Africa and colonized India and China. And while we're on the topic, I'm *Irish,* and frankly, I'm a little offended by your UK fetish. But the difference between me and you is that I don't dictate what you should wear. So who's the real asshole here? Who's the real fascist? Again, if any of you have a problem with me, I'm always available for a debate. I love to argue ideas."

"Some things are NOT open for debate," he says ominously. "WE were the ones who put the shackles on the black man's ankles, and WE were the ones who brought them here."

I don't know how old this cat was, but *I* sure as fuck wasn't alive when all that shit went down. And I'm not going to swallow a guilt trip for crimes I didn't commit. Guess that makes me an automatic Nazi, huh?

I'VE HEARD ONE STORY AFTER THE NEXT OF THE SHARPS SMASHING PINT GLASSES IN FACES, HOLDING A KNIFE TO A GIRL'S THROAT, AND BEATING A GERMAN TEEN WHO WASN'T ASHAMED OF BEING GERMAN.

Nearly a year later, I'm invited to a friend's bar to introduce another friend's band when nine or so Rose City boys show up and begin vibing the room. A couple of them bump into me on purpose.

Normally neurotic and skittish, but a fearless lion in the face of danger, I walk straight up to them and ask what's up.

"You're a piece of shit," says their leader, a balding, short-but-thick man in his 30s. He claims to be Jewish and wears a Star of David necklace which—surprisingly, since I'm supposed to be a Nazi—I don't demand that he remove.

"Oh, I'm a piece of shit?" I say. "So, I'm scum? So, I'm worthless? So, I need to be exterminated? Funny, that's how Nazis used to look at Jews."

"You're a sad man," he says, getting nose-to-nose.

"Sometimes I'm happy, sometimes I'm sad."

"I know who *I* am," he announces with dumb pride.

"I know who I am, too," I counter, "and I don't need to be surrounded by nine guys to prove it."

"You're a nobody," he tells me, his uncomprehending, beady eyes flaring with anger.

"I'm known around the world," I say. "You're only known by your road dogs and maybe a dozen other people in this town."

"You can't even argue with me on a logistical level," he proclaims.

"You're a moron and can't even use words properly," I tell him.

Unable to argue, he head-butts me. But it doesn't hurt. It doesn't even break the skin. I have the hardest head on earth.

I'm still on parole. I'm not going to fight nine guys. I'm not going back to prison over some clowns who can't even articulate why they hate me.

The Armenian bar owner asks Jewskin why he head-butted me.

"He doesn't like black people," the Jewskin lies.

"Well, I'm a sand nigger," says the bar owner. "Are you going to hit me, too?"

Yes. The bar erupts into a brawl. I leave before the cops arrive.

The Portland police consider the Rose City skins to be Oregon's second-largest gang. Their "logistical" leader is suspected by police to be the primary shooter in one homicide and an accomplice in several attempted homicides. In 1992, he beat a 16-year-old alleged Nazi kid into a coma, causing permanent brain damage (in the kid—not sure what caused the assailant's obvious brain damage).

A few months later, I see fat, bald Jewskin and two of his henchmen outside another downtown Portland club. A manic-depressive, black cowboy date-rapist had tipped them off to my presence there. When I spot the Jewskin, I tell my friends to go inside.

"Hey, Goad, you don't like me and I don't like you," he says, walking up to me.

"Yeah, that about sums it up."

He sucker-punches me. A clean shot to the temple. I've been hit a lot harder. He has a rep as a badass, but maybe he's losing his touch.

"You know I'm on parole and I'm not going to risk fighting on the streets again," I tell him. "But I *will* fight you in a boxing ring—just as long as I get to *debate* you first and prove to the world what a MORON you are."

"I'm not too good on the lyrical skills," he says, admitting that perhaps he's stupid, "but let's go around the corner and I'll show you what I got."

"Again—I'm not going to get busted because of you. For some weird reason, the cops don't arrest you guys. But I'll fight you in a boxing ring as long as I get to fight you with words first."

And that's when I saw a familiar look in his eyes.

HATRED.

Blind, dumb, animal hatred. The hatred of fools. The hatred of subhumans.

You can't fight hatred with more hatred. And you can't fight Nazis by acting like a Nazi. It just turns the whole world into Nazis.

I'm off parole now, so the game has changed. I'm not nearly as hesitant to defend myself should the need arise.

I've been beat up dozens of times. No big deal. But if you beat me up, what does that prove? That might is right? That's a Nazi idea, G.

My politics? I'm a Goad Supremacist. I've had my ass kicked, but I've never lost an argument. So if you're fighting over ideas—if you're really something more than dumb thugs—why can't you act like men and DISCUSS those ideas? Send me your brightest mind—your sharpest SHARP—and watch me turn him into a monkey. I don't hate Jews or blacks, but I hate hypocrites. I hate people who hide behind a "good" cause to do their dirty work.

I want to know what we're fighting for. If it's free speech, then I'll fight. If it's the right to think and wear whatever I want, then I'll fight for that, too. I just won't fight for Hitler. My new Jewish girlfriend wouldn't approve.

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Jewdriver photo by Seth Olenick

YOU'RE DEAD

Ooooh, I'm Sooo Scared

WE'RE ALWAYS RECEIVING THREATS FROM ANGRY READERS. Sometimes they just challenge us to a fight. Sometimes the threats are more ambiguous and simply state that we will "be receiving some remedial 'medication' in the coming months" (um, why'd you warn me?). They come from fags, WASPs, niggers, spics, whores, Jews, and, of course, neo-Nazis. The only thing they have in common is that they are all from irrelevant fucking pussies. Stupid, weak people who feel powerless and are desperate to replace that feeling of emptiness with some temporary rush of anonymous empowerment.

When Amy Kellner wrote in *Vice* that DJing isn't the most difficult thing in the world, she received dozens of threatening emails. They ranged from "you're a disgusting fat pig" to warning that she would be raped in front of her whole family who would then be killed en masse. "I don't have thick skin like you guys," she told us nervously. "When you see that stuff appear in your inbox, it's really disturbing." We told her to call the police because these threats are a class-B misdemeanor, but she just rolled her eyes (thereby acknowledging the secret truth—these people are irrelevant pussies).

But it's not just us. The NYPD alone deals with so many allegations of death threats, sent to so many different departments, that it is "impossible to quantify it." When you keep in mind that only 3% get reported, that's, I don't know, a kajillion! Our favorite example happened shortly after Yale law professor Amy Chua was interviewed in *Vice* about her book *World on Fire*. She dared to say that Venezuela democratically elected Hugo Chavez. She wasn't condoning the guy, you assholes. She was pointing out the downsides of democracy. Of course, Venezuelans are dumb as shit and immediately assumed she was pro-Chavez. Within 24 hours her phone and computer where inundated with hundreds of threats. One guy kept sending, every three minutes for a whole day, a picture of the WTC being blown up, with the message "Venezuelans are going to get you." Things eventually culminated in Chua needing armed guards every time she went to do a talk. Nothing happened, of course.

Most recently, our very close pals Jewdriver have been told that if they ever play a show again they will not leave the venue alive. For the record, Jewdriver is a Jewish skinhead band that takes the lyrics of Skrewdriver (a racist skinhead band) and changes them into funny ballads about bagels. Now they have to die? Who the fuck is making these threats? They obviously don't care about what their enemies are saying. DJing *is* easy, democracy *isn't* always fun, and Nazi jokes *are* funny. All these secret admirers care about is shaking that nagging feeling in the back of their minds that keeps repeating, "You don't matter. You are being left behind." And that feeling is never going to go away. No matter how many people they pretend they're going to hurt. Ha ha.
BJ BANTAM

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Photo by Tim Barber

A FASCIST VS. A NATIONALIST VS. A SOCIALIST

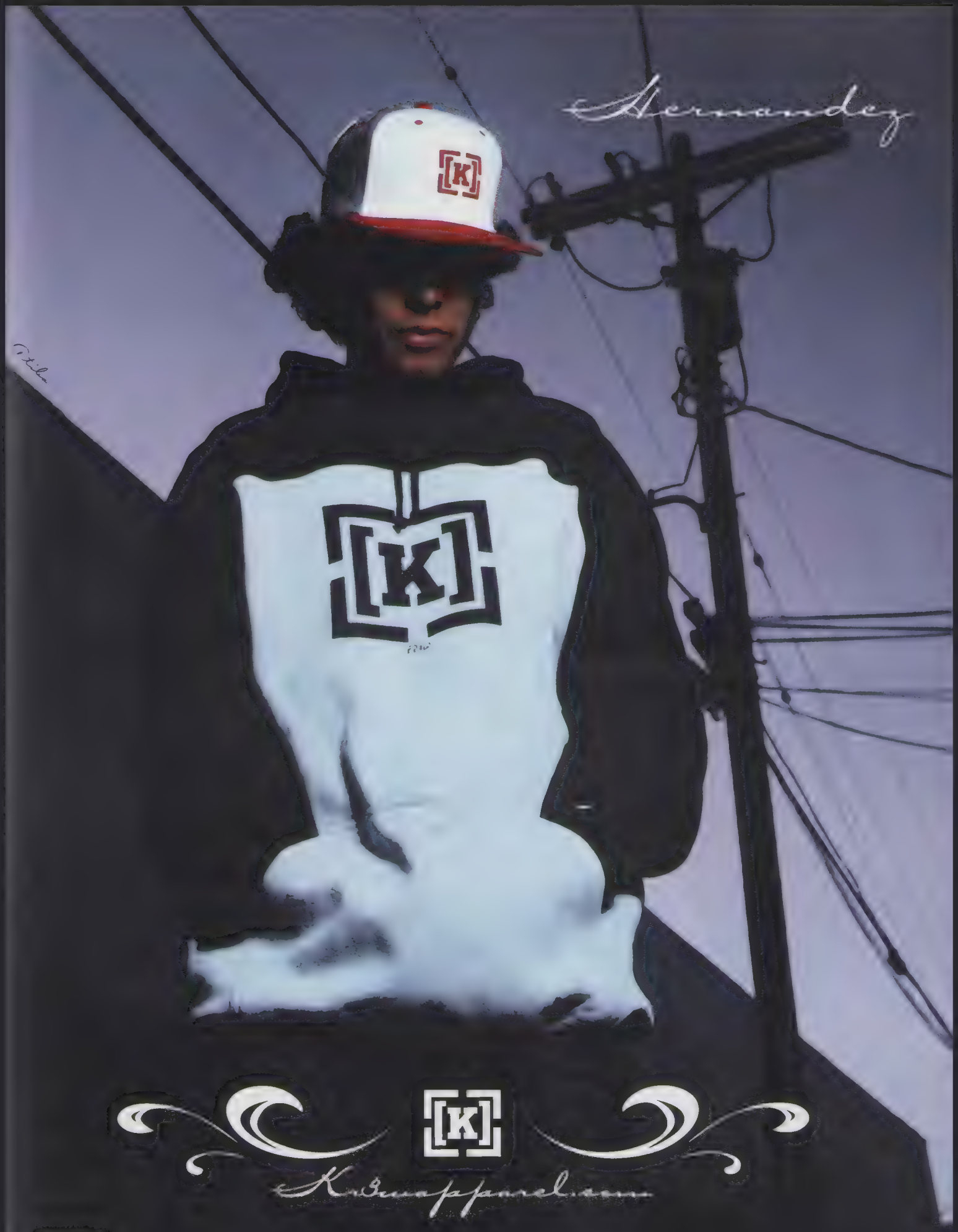
Who Hates Who?

It's not easy getting three groups that hate each other to sit in a room and have a civil discussion about their differences. It's so hard, in fact, that we failed. The only way we could pull this off was to have the fascist have it out with the nationalist, tell the socialist what happened later on, and then let the socialist come in and discuss it with the nationalist. We may not be able to get a Jew and a Nazi to sit together in the same room, but the scenario we set up here still beautifully illustrates the difference between hate, pride, and unconditional love for all.

The fascist is a British neo-Nazi skinhead named simply Tweety. He's head of the Pollockshaw Skins. The nationalist is a controversial "race relations and immigration" expert named Jared Taylor (author of, among others, *A Race Against Time: Racial Heresies for the 21st Century*). And the socialist is Danny Goldberg, owner of Artemis Records and author of *Dispatches From the Culture Wars: How the Left Lost Teen Spirit.*

Tweety: You know what I hate about you nationalists? You pretend to be white pride, but you don't really give a shit about whites. You like Africa and Japan and Jews. You don't truly believe that we are the superior race.

Jared Taylor: The way I see it about whites is the way people feel about their children as opposed to other people's children. I love my own children more than I love anybody else's children, not necessarily because they're better, but simply because they're mine, and that's the way I think all healthy people feel about their people and their culture. And the fact that I *do* love my children the way I do doesn't mean I harbor the slightest hostility toward the children of other people—although I certainly wouldn't make the same sacrifices for other people's children, nor do I have the same kind of deep loyalty to and love for them that I have for my own children. I think it's all a perfect analogy.



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Yeah, but how can you not hate Jews? What is it about National Socialism [read: Nazi—Ed.] that you can't handle?
Well, I don't really think one way or the other about Jews. I'm interested in preserving Western culture and to the extent that Jews are part of Western civilization, that's fine.

But they're obsessed with ramming their shit down our throats. They control the media and they insist we hear about the Holocaust again and again. They also ram multiculturalism down our throats—not because they care, but if they harbor a world free of hate nobody will gas them ever again.
Well, I don't like to ascribe motives to people other than the motives that they actually claim, but in the case of Earl Raab, who at one time was the president of Brandeis University, he said that he looked forward to the day when the United States would have a nonwhite majority, because only then would he feel confident that the United States would no longer be capable of establishing a Nazi-like, "exterminate the Jews" regime.

Well, what he's in effect saying is, "Unless all you white people are diluted by Haitians and Mexicans and Guatemalans, America could rise up against the Jews anytime." These new people are certainly not going to have any more concern about Jewish interest than whites. He's proposing a process that is going to destroy our country as we know it, as our ancestors built it, so that he can sleep well at night. I think that that's practically a declaration of war.

What these liberal faggots don't understand is that when you have all these balkanized races together, America becomes not a melting pot but a fighting pot. When whites become a minority, elections will become a "racial head count" where spics vote for the spic president, blacks for the black president. They are all going to hate each other, and the Jews will be the first to go. Whites need to be in control because we are the most civilized.
I remember a trip to Mexico recently where I was surprised to find the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* just for sale quite casually in bookstores. You don't find that in the United States.

Everyone hates Jews. We're the least of their problems.
I certainly don't hate Jews. What they're doing is understandable for all sorts of historical reasons. They were singled out for persecution, and I think Jews as a consequence are nervous about any nation that has a clear, explicit religious or racial core—any kind of self-consciously homogenous philosophy—because then to the extent that they don't blend in, they will stand out. But I think many Jews are perfectly capable and happy to blend in to Western civilization without maintaining some kind of potentially attention-getting distinctiveness.

OK, at least admit we're superior to blacks.
Well, many white people, especially liberals, prefer the company of blacks. They find blacks more spontaneous, more gregarious; they say blacks have a kind of spontaneous generosity. Blacks are not to be disdained for preferring that kind of atmosphere over what they would consider the very uptight and restrained, suppressed behavior of whites. So, it's not an either-or question. People generally prefer the ways and cultures of their own group to that of others, and it reminds me of what a Frenchman once said: "Every country considers itself superior to its neighbors, and every country is right."

The world would be better off if whites were in control.
All right, but if you'd look at all the characteristics whereby whites might be considered superior to blacks, you'll find that according to many of those characteristics Asians are superior to whites. That doesn't mean, on the other hand, that I want the United States to be peopled by or run by Asians.

Yes, but chinks and nips and gooks are all out of their fucking minds. They are godless.
I lived in Japan for the first sixteen years of my life, and I speak fluent Japanese and make part of my living working as a consultant for U.S. companies doing business with Japan, so I spend a lot of time with Japanese. The fact is, it's all very well to call them irreligious, and yet their lack of interest in organized religion does not by any means translate into what we would look upon as immorality, in the sense of burglary, crime, white-collar crime, violent crime, sexual peccadilloes. For example, the illegitimacy rate in Japan is far lower than in the United States.

OK, I think they're all robots, but let's drop it. What about Africa? The only time it's had any kind of order is when we were there.
You can certainly make that argument. The brother of Thabo Mbeki, the president of South Africa, just recently made headlines for saying that South Africa was better off and Africa was better off under white rule, under colonial rule.

Yeah, Nelson Mandela ruined that place. It's in civil war now.
Well, the question you have to ask Africans would be, "Do you prefer the chaos of black rule or do you prefer the alleged indignities and better orderliness of society under white rule?" And, I think, if a majority of blacks say they would rather live free in poverty, or have black rule in poverty rather than white rule in orderliness, then you have to respect that view. I'm not sure, though, that any large black population has ever had that option presented to them that way.

But that's like asking a baby if he wants to eat chocolate bars for dinner every night. He's going to say yes. They're not even smart enough to do what's best for them. Look at the farms in Zimbabwe.
I would hesitate to make that kind of judgment for any other group, because I just think, on principle, every group should have the freedom to let its own destiny unfold. And if the destiny of blacks is to wreck their societies, it's certainly not our right to go in and set things right. Perhaps you might argue it's our responsibility, but I think that it's something that we should approach with an enormous amount of hesitation and even humility.

You could make the argument that Africa was better off in some respects before contact with either Arabs or Europeans. They had a very primitive tribal society, but from what we can tell—and it's difficult to tell—in terms of just the kind of chaos and warfare and bloodshed and horror that we read about now in Africa, there was considerably less of that. There was a very traditional, primitive society in which people more or less got along in a tribal fashion.

I want the blacks to go back to Africa, and I want America to be white again.
My great goal and hope is simply to preserve my people. I think that's the most natural, normal, and healthy thing in the world. I think every healthy member of every national or ethnic group feels that way. You find that sentiment obviously in Israel, for example; you find that sentiment in Japan, in Korea, in Mexico. People want to preserve their people, their culture, their way of life, and I have absolutely no embarrassment about saying that my culture, people, and way of life are intimately and inextricably bound up in a certain kind of biology.

But you don't want everyone to leave. What do you want to do with them? Give spics Nebraska and niggers Ohio?
I have no idea. It's difficult for me to imagine what some future political solution would be like. But, there has to be some kind of territory, and whites as a self-consciously self-preserving group have some opportunity to follow their own destiny. That to me is absolutely vital for survival. If things continue as they are, we will become a minority—increasingly a minority—and, given the record of nonwhite groups within the United States, I think an increasingly hated and despised minority.

The only political proposals that I have ever made are an end to immigration and also an end to all antidiscrimination laws. I think that if it were possible to establish one's life strictly according to voluntary association, then the United States would gradually move toward a kind of de facto separateness.

And what do you say to all these sniveling left-wing scum who say white people are immigrants.
Well, I'm a preservationist for my kind, my race, and my group. Of course, the history of the United States is one unending misfortune and catastrophe for Indians. I think there's no question about that. On the other hand, the way the world has worked, it's interesting, up until, I would say, about, oh, maybe the 1800s or 1820s, maybe even further than that, the rules of the game were, if you could take land, then you deserved it. That's the way it has always been in history. And so the Indians that were here, of course, the ones who had the land, in many cases they had taken it from other Indians they had exterminated. The rules of the game finally changed as I say maybe in the mid-19th century, and it's only a very, very recent blink of an eye in terms of world history that the idea has been, even if you can conquer your neighbor, you should not. That's an extremely new concept; I think it's a good concept. But if we start saying, OK, we're going to have to give America back to the Indians, there's absolutely no end to the process. Then, of course, Japan's got to give itself back to the Ainu; all of the North Africans that are Arab have to be sent back into the Arabian Peninsula and give it back to the Berbers. There's absolutely no end to that process.

EVERY COUNTRY CONSIDERS ITSELF SUPERIOR TO ITS NEIGHBORS, AND EVERY COUNTRY IS RIGHT.

Speaking of sand niggers. There is no limit to how far the towel heads will spread. They say 9-11 was Bush's fault because he supported Israel, but what about the Chechens in Moscow? They attacked Russia not because of Israel but because Muslims hate non-Muslims and want us all dead. We can be as just and as civil as we want, but they are coming to get us. Today the world is 30% Christian and 20% Muslim. In 50 years those figures will be reversed, and I don't fucking want that. They don't separate church and state the way we do. It took us hundreds of years to get where we are and I don't want to go back to their primitive ways. They are fucking murderous lunatics.
Well, see, I have a somewhat more benign view of them. I think the Chechens, they want independence. And as the descendent of good Confederates, I totally sympathize with that. The more autonomy the better. Osama and the boys attacked America for three reasons: 1) because America is on sacred Saudi soil; 2) because America supports Israel's unjust occupation of Palestine; 3) because America imposes unfair embargos on Iraq. If they hated the West because we are infidels, they would have attacked Europe. The French were the ones who held them off at the battle of Tours, and it was Europeans who attacked them during the Crusades. I've been to every North African country, and if you talk to people there is one question that keeps coming up: "Why do you support Israel?" You'll be hard-pressed to have a conversation without that question coming up in the first few minutes.

So the Indians were nice, the Africans were peaceful, Jews are whites, nobody has to go home who is here legally. Fuck you. You don't know shit about hate. Name one person you hate.
[laughs] If I were to hate anyone, it would be whites who have betrayed other whites. I don't really have a visceral hatred for him, but Teddy Kennedy, he is one of the great engineers of white dispossession. But I suppose it's difficult to hate him because I think he's convinced by his own lights that he is a good person. He thinks he's doing things that are good for humanity, good for America. It also gets him reelected to the Senate, which I think is probably his psychological life's blood. But it's people like that who tell other whites, "It's going to be great to be a minority, life is so much better with Haitians and Mexicans." Of course it's the people who are in Congress or who are running our newspapers and our television programs who say this, but look in their own lives.

Here in Britain, when people say "diversity" they're thinking about the amazing variety of curry suppers. Nobody goes beyond that. In America, it's all about the rich getting affordable nannies and cheap labor. They don't have to live in the neighborhoods these people immigrate to.
Finally we agree on something. The ones who make these programs—the rich—they don't have to live where the Mexicans park their cars in the front yard rather than have an ordinary lawn. They don't live in a neighborhood where there are Caribbean islanders who keep chickens in the backyard that keep you awake all night. They don't have to listen to loud ranchero music blaring from the open windows of the Mexican neighbors. The extent of the hypocrisy is really quite appalling. I thought it was quite shocking that the great white father, Bil Clinton, said, "This is going to be the great new challenge for America, to learn how to live without a majority population." Well, where did he and Mrs. Clinton buy a house once they left the White House? They bought one in Chappaqua, which is about as white a place as you can find this side of Iceland.

It's the poor bastards like us who have to bear the real brunt of diversity.
Look at all the headlines around the world. Where are people most diligently slitting each other's throats? It's where there's diversity. Diversity of religion, of race, of political affiliation. When you ask diverse people to share the same territory, you're asking for trouble. People say America is different but the only thing different about America is that white people here are happy to be walked all over.

[The Nazi leaves the discussion, several days pass, and now we're down to Jared the nationalist and Danny the socialist]

Danny Goldberg: Reading over the previous dialogue I got a feeling of deep sadness—sadness at the harm that racism can do and sadness for the pain that is obviously underlying the lives and emotions of both debaters.

The first overwhelming fact of anyone's life is their own individuality and soul, and the second—to the extent that they choose to deal with it—is God. These universal human elements give us far more in common with each other than ethnic, religious or national identities can ever separate us. If you don't believe it just spend a few nights in the emergency ward of a hospital.

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I can understand the thrill that must come with saying things that are so offensive and socially unacceptable, but no matter how much glamour comes from such a rebellion, the fact is that it is immoral and irrational to judge individual people based on their race or religion or other group identities. There are good and bad people in every large group. Dehumanizing people because of what group they belong to has only brought grief, not only to the victims of prejudice but to the perpetrators of it.

Although he admirably, and sometimes eloquently, refutes much of the blatant prejudice of the Nazi, Jared Taylor is clinging onto some sort of misguided cultural chauvinism when he says that he wants to "preserve my people" and that his "way of life" is "inextricably bound up in a certain kind of biology." Taylor says that citizens of countries such as Japan, Korea, and Mexico have similar sentiments. But the United States is, by design, very different from any other country in the world. Other than the remaining Native American population, it is a nation of immigrants. Even in the earliest days of the Republic there were huge religious and cultural differences between the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the Puritans of Massachusetts, the Huguenots of upstate New York, and all sorts of other groups of people who fled Europe precisely because they bridled at nationalistic and religious conformity imposed on them. There were undoubtedly some founding fathers who wanted the U.S. to be a Christian nation, but clearly, the majority who created the Republic were against such a thing and many of the most famous creators of the first generation of American culture, such as Thomas Paine and Benjamin Franklin, believed deeply in diversity. Those early Americans built into the genetic code of America the notion of inclusion of people from other cultures. From the very first, there was a debate about slavery, and it took a civil war for the slavery to be abolished. The proslavery Confederates and their allies lost.

By the 20th century, when any of our grandparents were born, American culture and the American soul had been enriched by countless waves of immigrants. It is hard to think of anything quintessentially American (gospel music, movies, rock'n'roll and baseball come to mind) that has not been dependent on diversity.

There is no such thing as an ethnic American culture. American culture is based on an idea—the idea of personal freedom—and it is clearly explained in the founding documents of the country. To the extent to which there was tension between aristocratic traditions and (dare I say it?) liberal currents, generation after generation of Americans chose expansion of freedom, beginning with the elimination of slavery, followed by giving women the vote, the empowerment of labor unions, the civil rights movement, etc. America without such freedoms isn't America—it's old Europe.

Jared Taylor: This is a very common mistake about the origins of the United States. There is so much shouting about "diversity" today, it obscures the founders' actual intentions. Despite what Mr. Goldberg says about Tom Paine and Benjamin Franklin, essentially no one among the early generations of Americans advocated racial diversity for the United States.

In 1787, John Jay wrote in *The Federalist Papers* that "Providence has been pleased to give this one connected country to one united people, a people descended from the same ancestors, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, attached to the same principles of government, very similar in their manners and customs." It would be hard to find a sentiment more starkly opposed to "diversity."

The first American naturalization law, passed in 1790, was just as opposed to diversity, limiting citizenship only to "free whites." This conception of the United States as a European nation continued unchanged through the 1960s and took the form of numerous laws barring citizenship or immigration by Asians, as well as a strict quota system on immigration to maintain the racial makeup of the country. To put it bluntly, until the Immigration Reform Act of 1965, the United States had an immigration policy explicitly designed to keep the country white.

The notion that the United States was somehow founded for all people everywhere in the world is completely mistaken. The United States did permit immigration from a variety of European countries, but newcomers had to be white and to assimilate to an English-speaking, American culture. The current hippie-happy notion of Haitians and Guatemalans and Vietnamese all joining hands with white natives in a huge celebration of "diversity" is a complete departure from American tradition and would have shocked virtually every American who lived before the 1960s.

Every nation starts out as a nation of immigrants, but unless it is conquered by foreign invaders, it becomes a nation of natives. The United States, founded and built by Europeans, is under no obligation to hold itself open to anyone.

AS TRANSCRIBED BY VICE STAFF

Important note: Though fascist, nationalist, and socialist make for a great header, the participants would rather be seen as a National Socialist vs. a racial realist vs. a civil libertarian. We would have put that instead, but it didn't have the same zing.

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Photos by Susan Preston

CLICHÉS ARE HATEFUL LIES

And I Can Prove It

I LIKE CLICHÉS TO SAY IN JOKES, BUT I HATE PEOPLE WHO think they are instructive. Those people are stupid. I set out to prove it by following the clichés to the letter. Watch this...

DON'T LET THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG

Where does this come from? Taking a bag of kittens to the river to drown them because you don't have room at your house? OK, but what's that got to do with secrets? And why would you ever leave a cat inside a bag? It's cruel. What is the cat going to eat? How will it go to the bathroom? What is it supposed to drink? It's also boring. Cats in bags just hang there. They don't purr. They don't even put up a fight unless you poke them. But when you let them out, it's adorable. See? It just kind of walks out and smells the ground and then looks at you like, "What?"

A WATCHED POT NEVER BOILS

Wrong. For a few minutes, the water is still. Nothing seems to be happening. Then there are little bubbles on the sides and bottom of the pot. Imagine a Sprite bottle. Don't get overexcited; there's still a ways to go. About two minutes later, the bubbles increase in size. They get fatter. This is when you might think, "Holy moly, is it already boiling?" No, dummy, not even close. Keep watching. For the next six minutes there will be more and more bubbles on the pot's side, but still no boiling. Keep watching. Right before the water boils, the bottom of the kettle will change color a little, and other things will happen probably, but I don't know. I was wondering about outfits at this point (my eyes were on the water, so it still counts). And then the water boiled.

LIKE THROWING A HOTDOG DOWN A HALLWAY

Now I know what it is like to fuck an old woman with huge flaps if you are a man. It takes a lot of practice and you have to get the angle just right. It is sort of embarrassing and drawn out. But is it worth it? Come on, totally. When the hotdog hits the photographer in the face? Or when it's covered in dust? That stuff is priceless.

DON'T PUT ALL YOUR EGGS IN ONE BASKET

This cliché was written by farmers. I know that because I went to college near a couple of farms. This cliché also happens to be true, which was surprising. You should not put all your eggs into one basket. If you drop the basket, you will lose all of your eggs. Be a smart chicken and put your eggs into a couple of different places (it doesn't have to be baskets). That way, if something goes wrong—like, let's say you knock the basket over—you only lose four eggs and then you have some other ones over there in the sock drawer.

I guess I don't hate clichés after all.

AMIE BARRODALE

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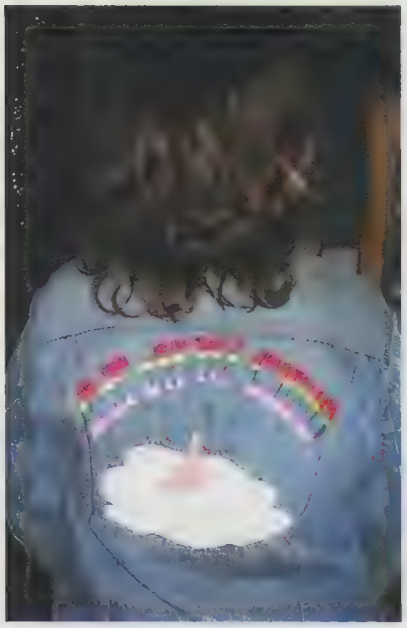
What do you do for a living? "Oh, I own a demolition company that uses the lyrics from 'War Pigs' as its motto. We play Black Sabbath really loud and destroy buildings. What do you do?" Um, I drop to my knees and suck your dick with tears streaming down my face.

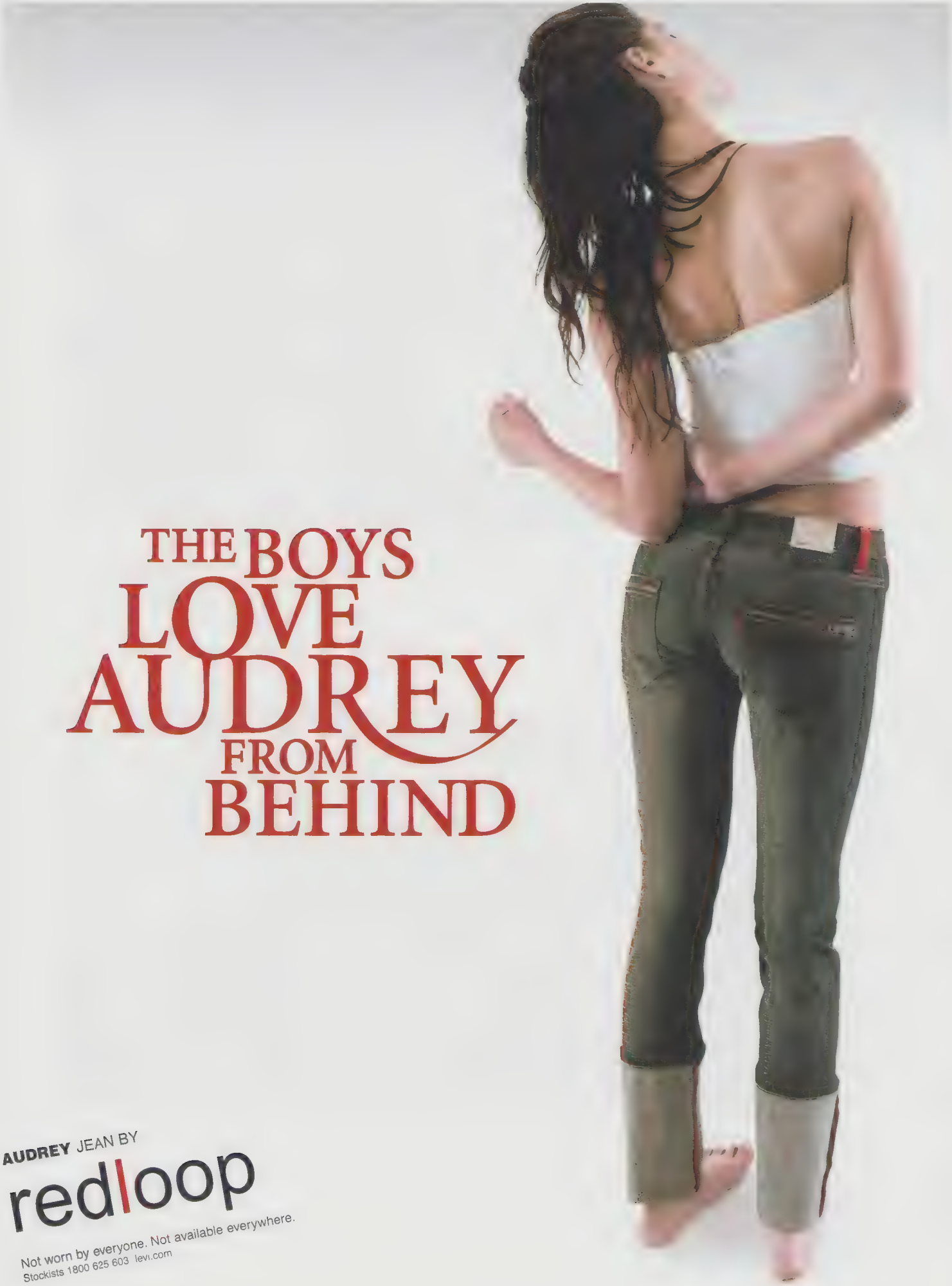
Now we're talking. No more old ladies lumbering along with their broken shopping carts wondering how to save a fraction of a cent. This motherfucker climbs up the stairs like D-Day in *Animal House* and gets his whole shit done in about one minute. Why is everyone so fucking amazing this month? I'm starting to feel like a nude loser.



Read 'em and weep: an embroidered back patch that says "Get Off My Cloud" complete with a fuck you finger that must have taken days to finish. She bought it off some crazy old stoner that did acid back when it was the size of a Lifesaver. Maybe we don't hate hippies after all.

In Sweden these are considered ugly pigs with no taste. If you visit there be prepared to have your dick come tearing out your pants and wack you in the head so hard you start swinging your fists because you thought someone just punched you (which makes them laugh, which makes you ejaculate like it's raining outside).

"Goodbye, boring, plain, 'scared to shine' me. I am reaching deep inside my pants and pulling out RICARDO! A blazing colorful and in your face me that is so hot you keep seeing burnt images of me when you blink like when someone surprises you with a flashbulb."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Fuck the baldies. They are old. They represent everything we hate. They represent selling out, settling down, not taking chances and not being free. If you see a bald person tell him to fuck off and make sure he gets out of here. If he doesn't listen fucking pour beer on the guy and go, "Get out of here, baldie!"

And if there is even a semblance of a minute millionth of a chance that you will one day go bald (it's your Grandfather on your Mother's side) then just fuckin' tattoo your whole head. You may look like a Maori Lego man but at least you're not bald.

When we walked by her we heard her casually humming to herself, "Say peace to cats who rock mack knowledge. Knowledgists, street astrologists. Light up the mic God, knowledge this. Fly joints that carried your points..." then, when she caught us staring she stopped rapping and said, "What?"

Chicks hate this guy because he's such a pretentious fag asshole but that is precisely why he's so amazing. Check out that fucking medallion. He looks like a Nazi accountant from the future but he's actually an eccentric fashion millionaire that likes to get jizzed on. Don't try to compete. Just stand back and let him happen.

Dude is just chilling. He's unflappable. You could be like, "Humpty, what if nobody shows up to our party?" and he'd be all, "Don't worry about it doood."

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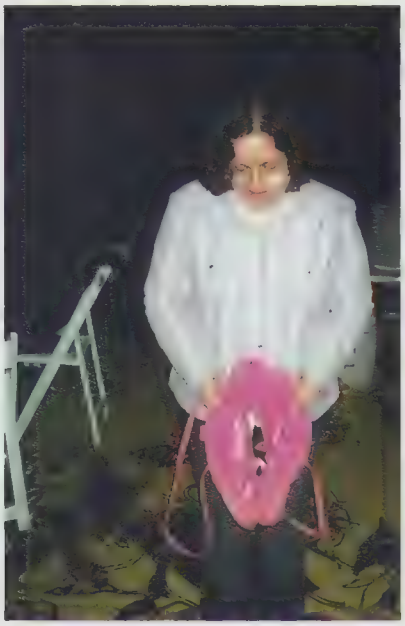


Um, Amy, close your fucking purse. You think fags enjoy looking at your big gaping cunt and all the shit you ram into it? That's like their Kryptonite. They don't see cunts as the beautiful orchids you and I see them as.

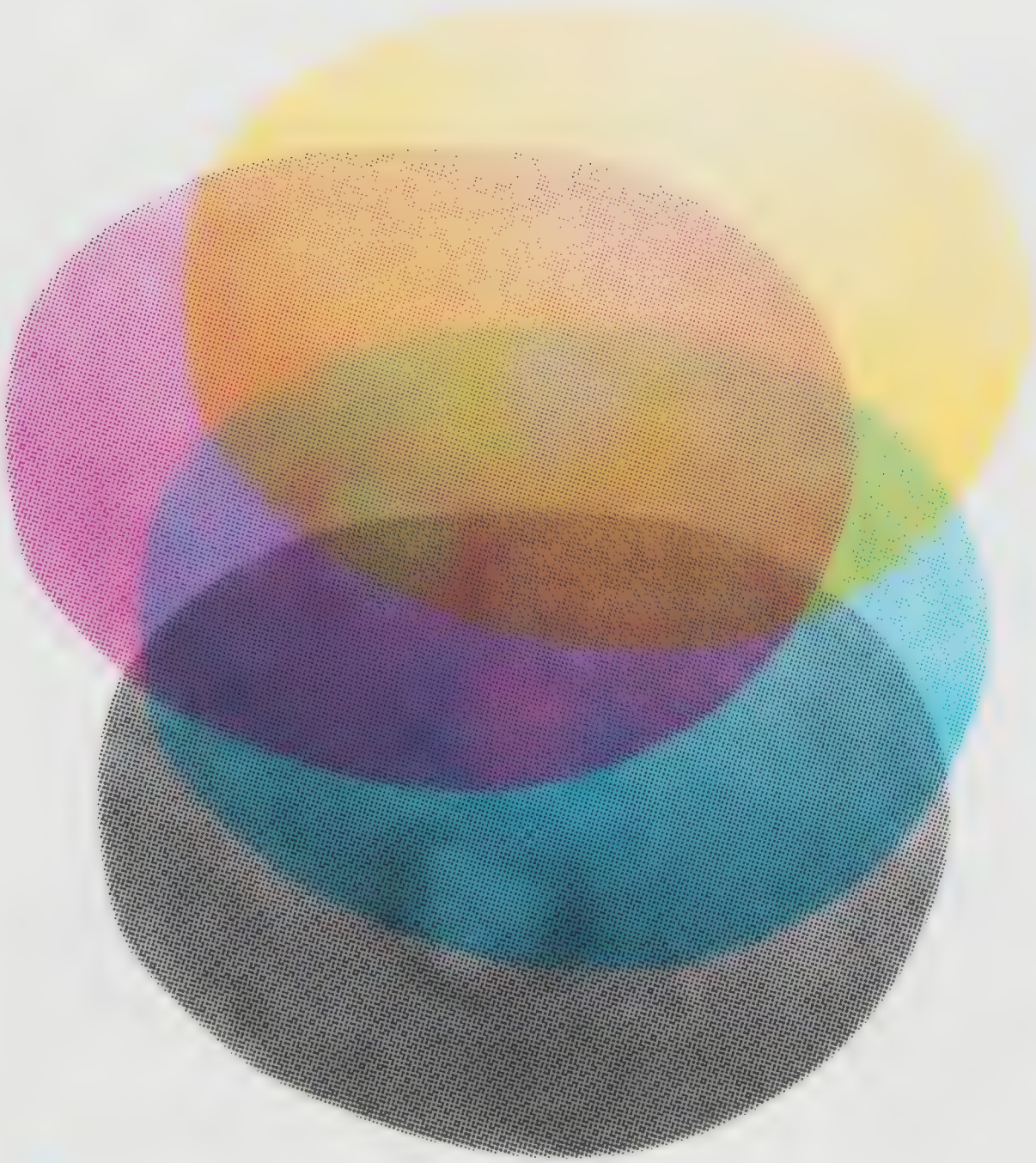
Oh, wait a minute. Maybe I do understand the way fags see vaginas: as strangely obtrusive holes that just kind of appear out of nowhere and sit there hairy smiling like they own the joint.

When we saw this burning man at Burning Man we were like, "Hey Randy Macho Man Savage male porn star! What are you a roasted pig? Go lie on your stomach and put a fucking apple in your mouth. Ha ha." And then he goes, "Really hungry, overweight women in prison lie on their backs and touch themselves thinking about me." To which we responded, "Fuck, that's a good point. Sorry."

And homeless crackheads have no idea the joke they're making is putting an image in our head that's so fucking disgusting it makes us want to jump into a scalding hot shower and wash our genitals until they bleed.

No he is not German. I thought so too but I walked up right behind him and heard an all-American WASP talking to his buddies about what bar to go to—and knowing that we know that he COULD grow all of his hair down to his ass if he really wanted to. The thought of this guy showering and maintaining that tiger-sized rat tail every day is enough to make you want to buy throwing stars.

Could these two dudes deserve the moniker "Gnarly Asians" any more please? What did they, kill Jon Benet Ramsey for a hundred and fifty bucks? Guys, stick to biting the Guido style. The Khmer Rouge, gun-for-hire, jungle killer thing is freaking us out.



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Look at these fucking douchebags. What are they, Armenian Ginos? Fuckin' grown men who want you to know that status is about holding large bottles of expensive vodka that they won't actually drink, dressing like Lil' Bow Wow if he was a Mediterrenean homo and telling society to fuck off. They look like Ali G teenagers in a line up of rape suspects. No wonder we're at war with them.

Remember that really, really dumb guy in the fourth grade who was excited about getting lice because he got called into the office to have his head shaved and everyone was talking about it? Well guess what. It's twenty years later and the only thing that's different is that his hair grew back. (I bet he shits his pants).

Dude, 2,752 people died in those buildings and the best you can do is that a fictional character for little kids is depressed about it? Who else is bummed out, Barney the Dinosaur? Why don't you just have the leprechaun from Lucky Charms holding a dead fireman in his arms screaming, "NOOOOOOOOOO!"?

Finally.

Um, sorry but I live in a world where white people aren't splotchy and they can dance, working class people are stylish and self-aware and lesbians are really hot, thin, porn stars that wear high heel shoes and suck each other's fingers.
Fuck you reality!

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I HATE STRAIGHTS

Bash Back, Fags

FORGET ABOUT FAG BASHING. IT'S TIME FOR A LITTLE EQUAL opportunity straight bashing. When I was a sissy homo punk in the 80s, big macho het boys with foot-tall Mohawks and Crass jackets, conveniently setting their radical, anarcho-leftist leanings aside for a moment, would punch me in the nose for showing queer super-8 movies in punk venues. Their avowed neo-Nazi skinhead enemies at the same show, now united in homo hatred, would run over and spit on me in solidarity. My punk dyke friends would form a human shield, but the damage was already done. From that point on, I would dedicate much of my work to pushing overt homosexuality into the faces of heterosexuals, both virulent homophobes and liberal bleeding hearts alike.

It's the femmie homosexual people can't stand the most, especially if he's sexually aggressive and unapologetic about it, so that's the image we set out to promote. We used to refer to heterosexuals as breeders back then. Child-hating W. C. Fields was our idol, and we loved Roman Polanski in *The Tenant*—you know, the part where, dressed in drag, he walks over to a little boy in a park and slaps him across the face for no reason. Why do people who breed think they're so special, we puzzled, bringing a kid into this overpopulated, war-ravaged world, desperately trying to grasp onto some pathetic shard of immortality? In the sage words of Kim and Kelley Deal (of the Breeders, no less), "If you're so special, why aren't you dead?"

At my university there was a group called the League Against Homosexuals. Their motto, spread on leaflets across campus, was "Queers don't produce, they seduce." I adopted their credo as my own in the most public way possible. But today, twenty-something homosexuals, especially the ones who read *Vice*, think it's cool to be discreet about their faggotry, to act as if it doesn't have any effect on the rest of their lives or anyone else's. We used to call that "the closet."

So, queer bashing is still necessary. (Somebody should take the "Fag Five" of *Queer Eye for the Straight Guy* out into a back alley and hospitalize them for promoting the image of gays as materialistic breeder-lovers.) But how about a little straight bashing, too? I think *everyone* needs a good beating. Uncle Tom fags need it. Straight-acting fags and straights alike need it. Bash them all. Anyone who is complicit in the user-friendly fag trend should have their knees broken. The only people I don't feel like bashing lately are mincing queens and actual fag bashers.

The next time you see a hetero couple holding hands, run over and yell "Herpes-carrying breeder" at them and punch them in the nose. You'll feel better for it. Join the homosexual intifada.

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Debbie:

I grew up homeless on the streets of Vancouver in the late 70s, where I was always seeing street kids get beaten up by suburban kids because of their poverty and lifestyle. I was directly confronted with intense hatred of women when I was twelve years old. This pimp named Roman hated women but had huge respect for drag queens. He always told me he was going to kill me if I didn't start working for him, and then one night he jumped out of a car in front of me and beat my head in with a tire iron. I was taken to the hospital and was unable to stand up for the entire following month because of all the blood I lost. I also have numerous scars from getting stabbed by Roman. I moved to New York in '88 and starting acting in B horror movies. I've been in over 100. and I think all that hate I endured back then helps me act in these films.

Our verdict:

Not a hate crime. That just sounds like a typical pimp.

T shirt by Energie; sweater by A. Cheng; jeans by Diesel; shoes by Kristin Lee

VICTIMIZED

The term 'hate crime' is a misnomer. There's hate in all crimes. The correct way to identify hate crimes is 'identity-motivated criminality.' The criminal is substantially driven by the identity of the victim. If that's a peripheral motivation, you don't have a hate crime. A racial epithet uttered during a mugging doesn't count. In a mugging, the primary motivation is getting your money.

Last year, we had 324 hate-crime cases in the city of New York. The number one type here is anti-Semitic—there were 112 cases. Mostly swastikas painted on synagogues. Number two is antigay crime. We had 62. Those are normally assaults or a verbal assault with a threat. Antiblack, we had about 23. And then you have antiwhite. We had 19 last year.

Many people misinterpret a crime that happens to them as a hate crime, but the statute won't accept it. Nonthreatening hate speech is protected by the First Amendment. A person can say very offensive things, and the Supreme Court will rule against it being a hate crime.

CAPT. MICHAEL OSGOOD,
HATE CRIMES DIVISION, NYPD

Jacket, shirt and T-shirt by Yoko Devereaux; cords by Levi's

Bala:
I was raised as a Hare Krishna, wearing a traditional monk's robe called a *dohti*, with a shaved head and everything. When I was twelve, I had my robe ripped off on two separate occasions, once in San Diego by a group of frat kids and once in the Denver financial district. I was wearing only an Indian loincloth called a *kopin* underneath, so it was a pretty humiliating experience. Then in the late 80s my family and I received death threats from a local group of Hell's Angels One of our neighbors even built these elaborate dioramas in his window of pythons swallowing figurines of Hare Krishnas.

Our verdict:
That's a hate crime.

Mallory:
We began attending Harvey Milk, the country's first all-gay high school, during the same year. That's where we got together. Besides the barrage of verbal abuse and projectile beverages we undergo daily for being open about our homosexuality, the most hurtful pressure comes from family members. When we were separated against our will in 2002, Janine made an attempt on her own life and was rushed to Elmhurst Hospital. Her father was livid at seeing me there, coming to see my girlfriend, and he threw me across the hospital room. All of this makes us very hesitant to show how much in love and proud of it we are.

Our verdict:
It sucks, but it's also more of an "asshole dad" crime than a hate crime.

Mallory: Sweater by Fake London; sneakers by Converse
Janine: Jumpsuit by Diesel; T-shirt by Sass + Bide

Coat and skirt by Miss Sixty; shirt by Built By Wendy; boots from Payless

Jamie:
Two years ago myself and a friend of mine, who is also transgender, were in Long Island. We were passing by a bar when this group of people out front began chanting, "Faggot." My friend just said, "Assholes," and they starting throwing bottles at us. Then they chased us. We lost them, but I was completely terrified. I feel really fortunate it didn't end in serious injury.

Our verdict:
A cunt-hair away from a hate crime.

Dominic:
Since I have kind of an ambiguous background when you look at me, I've been called everything from "nigger" to "dyke"! I was walking my dog in Newton, Massachusetts, soon after 9-11, when a van full of teenage guys drove by and screamed, "Towelhead!" Then they swung back around again and threw a huge cup full of piss on me.

Our verdict:
Piss = hate crime.

Jacket by Schiele; T-shirt by Surface to Air; pants by G star

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Fredo:
In October 2003, I was at my local bodega getting Diet Coke and pretzels. I was cornered while in the grocery by a group of teens calling me "faggot" and demanding that I buy them chips. It became clear that they wanted to fight, no matter what, so I decided to forgo the snacks and leave. They surrounded me and blocked the exit. I decided the best defense is a good offense, so I took the first swing and then ran. The pack caught up to me on 115th Street, where I fell on my elbow. They proceeded to beat and kick me, keeping me on the ground. I tried to fight back by focusing each punch on one of the group members. Eventually I became numb to the pain, and I guess the boys got tired. I had two black eyes and a severely swollen face, and my spine was injured, so I was in extreme pain for the next month and a half, which made my arm virtually immobile. I'm still embarrassed by the whole thing.

Our verdict:
If they had made him buy the chips, it wouldn't qualify. As it was: vintage hate crime.

T-shirt by Leftfield; jeans by Diesel; belt and boots by D Squared

Cardigan by Charles Chang Lima; hat by Diesel

Lolita:
Growing up in Harlem, I experienced extensive black-on-black discrimination because of my relatively light skin. I was thought of as "high yellow." Once, when I was in college, I was getting out of a car at my apartment building when two guys from the neighborhood attacked me and my friend with knives and a sawed-off shotgun. They put the gun to my head and kept shouting, "Ms. Lily White" and "Lighty Lighty Miss Whitey" while attempting to muscle the car keys from my friend. I've even received verbal abuse from other grown women when my son was with me. I now work in affirmative-action rights and community activism. Hopefully I can do some part to patch things up in my community.

Our verdict:
A hate crime.

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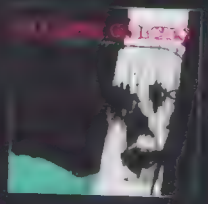

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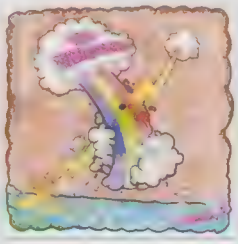

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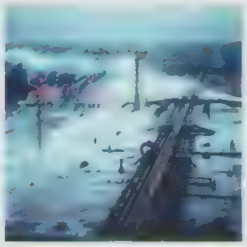

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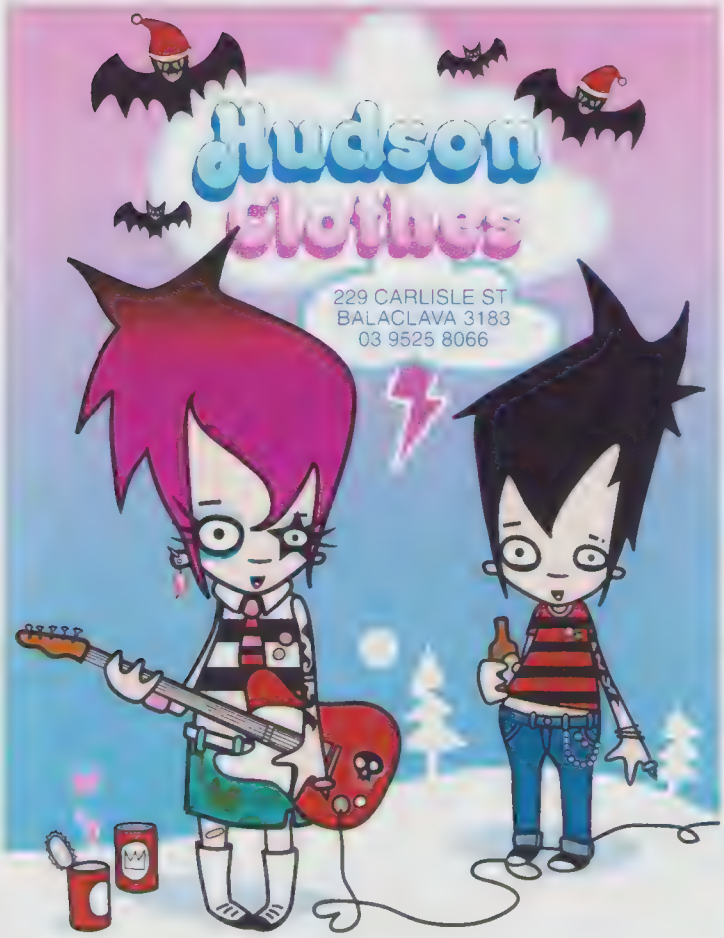
UN SPK

Phiiliip:
In December 1998, I was sitting at the back of a bus on my way to finals at the University of Washington. I had headphones on. I saw two black teenagers sitting in front of me, and they kept looking back at me. I turned down my music and heard one of them say, "faggot...let's just do this." I got up to move to the front, but they grabbed me and then one of the kids socked me in the eye. He had a big ring on, and it cut open my face pretty badly. I had blood pouring out of my head and no one did anything. The bus driver just stopped at the next stop and let the kids who did it get off. Only later did the driver offer to call an ambulance. Two years later my nose began to collapse, and the doctors said it was because of the punch in the face. I had to get a nose job.

Our verdict:
Classic hate crime.

Jacket by Fubu; belt by Energie; shoes by Converse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Photos by the author.

HARDCORE COLLECTORS

Fucking Shit Me!

I SPENT WAY TOO MUCH OF MY PRECIOUS YOUTH SWEATING out a hangover in last night's clothes, stumbling around record fairs trying to find good, cheap records. I don't go to them anymore though and the main reason quite simply, is record collectors. Gross, tubby, balding, little pig-like men trying to snuffle out that original pressing of *Wings Over America* - it's like they've just given up on any kind of contact with other people that doesn't involve squealing about run out groove messages or foreign pressings.

Even worse than the record collectors though were the freaks there for "collectables"—things like science fiction trading cards and figurines. *Star Trek* geeks buying poorly rendered, ugly *Deep Space Nine* figures to jerk off to. I'd written off toy collectors as a subset of humanity best to ignore. I'd filed them in the bin along with record collectors, people who go to recovery parties and fuckers at shows who roll their eyes when you light a smoke. That was until I went to Japan.

The Japanese don't do anything by halves. Why have one toy store when you can have a whole suburban shopping centre made up of floors and floors of toy stores? The word "otaku" has been adopted by American manga and anime geeks as a word to describe each other. Most of them think it's a Japanese word meaning "fan" but really it translates more closely to shut in, obsessive loser who lives with his (and it's almost always his) parents and can't relate to people. It's a necessary term in Japan to separate your scary obsessive (the ones likely to end up dismembering small children), from your garden variety obsessive (almost every other Japanese person).

The Japanese aesthetic and attention to detail is light years beyond anyone else's so you know that when Japanese collectors start a company to make toys and collectables they're gonna have their shit together. The Tokyo based toy company Medicom are pretty much 'it' when it comes to Japanese toys. They take their obsession with art, graffiti, music, film, and pop culture and turn it into beautifully rendered, fully articulated works of art. They collaborate with folks like Reas, PAM, Delta, Daft Punk and Kaws to create weird shit that other toy companies wouldn't even think of, much less have the balls to make. I don't have the cash to shell out on an original artwork by Futura so it's pretty nice to have limited edition 3D figures designed by him sitting on my mantelpiece. Jesus, it's only a matter of time until I turn into one of those toy collector assholes with a computer-catalogued collection and display cases in my lounge room.

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KILL WHITEY

Soul Sallah Crew Vs. the Infidels

BRITISH RAPPERS LIKE DIZZEE RASCAL BE AIIGHT BECAUSE they're on the grimy tip, but other niggaz just be poor relations to the American rappers. The only other UK rap group worth a toss are these underground sand-nigga MCs called Sheik Terra, AK-47, and the nigga with the dopest name in the rap game—O.G.Had (get it? "Jihad"?). Together, they're known as the Soul Sallah Crew, and their pro-Muslim, anti-Western song of hate called "Dirty Kuffar" (a Kuffar is an infidel) is the hottest track on underground Muslim internet radio right now.

Based at the Central London Mosque in Regent's Park, the group has made this amazing video where the MCs are bigging up Osama Bin Laden and merking George W., Tony Blair, and all Jews and Saudis everywhere (plus anyone who isn't a devout Muslim).

Last week, we met the head of their clique, Sheik Mohammed Al-Massari, who's one of the chief radical Muslim clerics in Londonistan. He's like the Suge Knight of Muslim hate-rap. Just like the Death Row CEO, Al-Massari's always got beef with 5-0. Deported from Saudi Arabia for his radical political views, he claimed asylum in London, where he says he's regularly attacked on the streets and stalked by the Queen's men.

VICE: Wassup? We heard that Osama Bin Laden was your boyeee?
Sheik Mohammed Al-Massari: He's a gentle man. Much misunderstood.

What's the joint "Dirty Kuffar" about?
The group won't tell you publicly, but it is about how on 9-11 their hearts were jumping with pleasure. These rappers are expressing points which have not been expressed before in this way—carrying a very polished and advanced message, rallying the people against a war on terror that is corrupt and isn't getting anywhere.

Why do you think this stuff is so hot on the streets right now?
Young Muslims have been given enormous spirit by seeing that you can kick America hard in the balls and still get away. The slow flame that was burning is now growing into a big flame.

Would it be cool for *Vice* to come and kick it with your boys in the studio? What's the address?
No. Our association's confidentiality is so good that even the intelligence agencies are unable to get that information. I can't talk any more about this. I have to go. Thank you.

DYLAN PASCAL

Check some new shit from Soul Sallah Crew on Digihad Productions this Summer.

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KILL WHITEY AGAIN!

Or At Least Slap Him Really Hard

WHEN WE WERE COMING UP, ALL OUR RAPPER FRIENDS WERE headwrap-clad Five Percenters who read *The Final Call*. Where did the hate go? Nowadays every rapper we interview is a stripy-shirt-wearing, smiling buffoon who reads *King*.

Except M-1 and stic.man of dead prez. With two classic albums under their belt, a signature New York crunk sound, and the best video ever ("Hell Yeah"), these grimys took M.O.P.'s spot as every MC's favorite MCs. More importantly, they're the only ones bringing much-needed anger and resentment to an otherwise fruity rap game.

VICE: So what particularly irks you?
M-1: If you want me to make a diss record, I'll be talking about the Michael Eisners, the five major record companies, their lawyers, and the henchmen of these capitalist policies. It's the Crips against the Bloods, the owners against the artists. Corporate is supposed to mean cooperation. But it doesn't. It means they co-opt your shit. And we have no choice but to be a part of this. It's part of the history of our people in this country. If I say "fuck corporations" and stop rapping, where am I going to get a job? Within another corporate structure. And it's not going to change until we own our own resources. That's why I'm at war. See, this is reality shit, not an analogy.

What are you at war for?
For my family and my communities, for our personal and collective health and survival. People don't give you your nature-given rights. People are always going to use their advantage over you, whether that be their money, their knowledge, their guns, or their pussy. And I'm from all of that, I'm from the heart of niggas attacking you with crack cocaine, so I come forward swinging.

Does dead prez hate white people?
Look, when we say, "Slap a white boy," it's expressing a feeling in our community. The American society is based on white power. I don't make it a racial issue—they made it a racial issue. That's how my black ass got here from Africa in the first place. And now we have no reparations, no compensation for our leaders who've been incarcerated or assassinated, for the health issues within our community, nor for the corruption we live under. That's got nothing to do with whether I like white people. "Slap a white boy" is so much bigger than if there's a white boy in a club, I'll slap him and we'll be free. Killing crackers doesn't mean we're free and everything's OK. Although it might eliminate a lot of shit.

BUSTA NUT

*Dead prez's stellar **RBG** album has been out for a minute, and a third installment in their equally dope mixtape series will be dropping soon.*

jonone

I never had any art training. When I was tagging the trains in New York I couldn't have ever imagined that one day I would be expressing myself on a canvas.

What really brought me to tagging was watching the guys painting graffiti all over the place. The scene that went to waste, since it was so annoying! and I used to think that the guys on the streets had all the freedom. I didn't want what the American system offered me, a job, a family, but a nice house.

At some point, I met A-One. He used to hang out with Jean-Michel Basquiat, the first black guy that succeeded as a painter. A-One was the connection between the street and the art world. He used to go to Europe and then come back with lots of money, just because of his art. I would listen to his travel stories and my eyes would shine.

At that time in New York, I was just like the guys today, hanging out in front of the buildings. I didn't go out of my neighborhood much. Thanks to A-One, I began to visit art shows to feed my vision of stuff that is going on in this world. I began to take my work seriously. I thought of it not as vanda smi but smi, as art.

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Photos by Kelly Parsell (note the boots)

HELLO, WHITE PEOPLE!

Prussian Blue Look to the Future

IS THERE ANYTHING CUTER THAN TWO IDENTICAL TWIN twelve-year-old girls who have a band together? How about if they dress in matching plaid skirts—that ups the cuteness quotient, right? And what if they perform folky versions of classic racist songs by bands like Skrewdriver and Rahowa? Whoa! Now we are heading into the cute danger zone.

And the best part of it all? These girls have the talent to back it all up. They sing like angels, harmonize like only siblings can, and are more adept at their chosen instruments than most one-hit-wonder crap. "Disco punk," you say? "New wave of necro metal?" Those are passing fancies. Prussian Blue are doing nothing short of trying to change the course of humanity. Ladies and gentlemen, we give you Lynx and Lamb, the girls of Prussian Blue.

VICE: Hi girls. So, who plays what?
Lynx: I play violin and sing.
Lamb: And I play the guitar and sing. We've been playing for two years now.

Your set is a mix of covers by white-power bands, some traditional fare, and some originals. How do you determine a song that you would like to cover?
Usually our friends suggest songs that they'd like to hear us sing. We choose ones that we like and that can easily be changed to acoustic. And they have to be songs that have meaning to us and our listeners and have a good message for White youngsters.

"The Snow Fell" is such a classic Skrewdriver song. How do you take something by a band that used traditional rock instrumentation and adapt it to the instruments that you play?
Well, we just play it, only using an acoustic guitar instead of an electric. Lynx figures out where to put in the violin parts. We do stuff until it sounds good. Sometimes we need to change the melody of the song a bit, like we did on our rendition of "The Snow Fell."

What sort of gigs do you generally play? I know that you played the Folk the System 2004 festival, which was sponsored by the National Alliance, but do you also play in any local establishments or at county fairs?
Sure, we just finished playing at a local county fair. We also play at open mic nights and Renaissance fairs. We play a lot of National

Alliance events, like meetings and conferences, as well as other events like a recent IHR (Institute of Historical Review) conference.

If you play to a crowd that's mixed in terms of political views, are there certain songs that might not make it into the set?
We do play a slightly different set when we play a mainstream venue than we do when we play in front of racially conscious people.

Do you feel the need to tone down your politics when playing for certain crowds?
It's not that we're embarrassed about our message or our songs that are more obviously pro-white, it's that we know that if certain people complained about the content of our songs (like if we use the term "Aryan"), we might not be allowed to play again at that venue.

What do you think is the most important social issue facing the white race right now? Do you have any songs that address this issue?
Not having enough white babies born to replace ourselves and generally not having good-quality white people being born. It seems like smart white girls who have good eugenics are more interested in making money in a career or partying than getting married and having a family. And yes, we are working on some new songs about this issue.

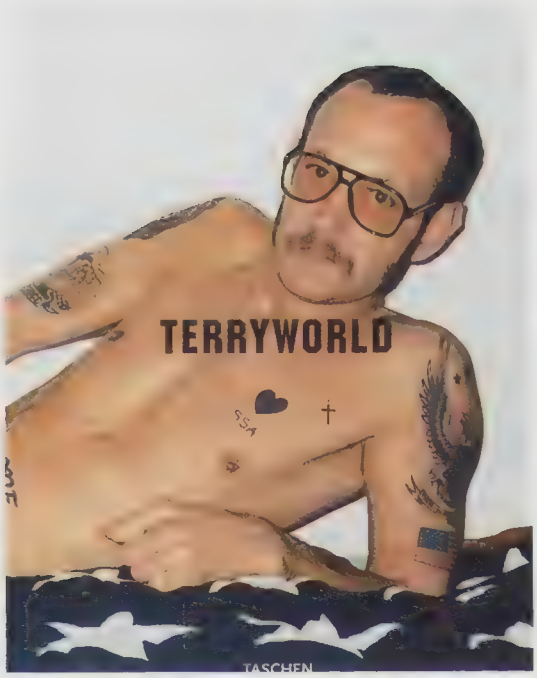
Please tell me the significance of the name Prussian Blue.
Part of our heritage is Prussian German. Also our eyes are blue, and Prussian Blue is just a really pretty color. There is also the discussion of the lack of "Prussian Blue" coloring (Zyklon B residue) in the so-called gas chambers in the concentration camps. We think it might make people question some of the inaccuracies of the "Holocaust" myth.

What are the plans for the near future of Prussian Blue? Are you going to make a record soon?
Resistance Records will be selling our new CD, *Fragment of the Future*—the title is from a Colin Jordan [Britain's leading race dissident] quote. It should be out by the end of the year. If you want something now, Resistance is also selling a DVD called *Gathering of the Gods* that was filmed last year in Perris, California. It has us singing a lot of our songs, but we have improved a lot since then!

What are some of your favorite groups, either current or past?
We really like Avril Lavigne, Evanescence, Three Days Grace, Green Day, AC/DC, and Alison Krauss. For racial groups we like Final War, CutThroat, Saga, Max Resist, Youngland, Brutal Attack, and of course Skrewdriver. But our all-time favorite is Barney the purple dinosaur!

JESSE PEARSON

See resistance.com for more info. No, we did not make this up.



Terryworld
Taschen

This is a good time for the world of Terrypublishing. Some weirdo Italians just printed a gigantic black book called *Kibosh* that contains the raunchiest porn shit you've ever seen and sells in a black plastic bag for a mere $400.

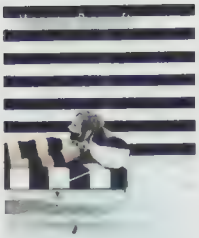
Simultaneously, Taschen has put out *Terryworld*, a significantly less raunchy book that covers his entire body of work. There's the junkie days, the clean days, the poor days, and the Gucci days, all encapsulated in one big funny party with gigantic tits and ejaculating cocks. The intro I did with *Purple*'s Oliver Zahn is pretty good too.
GAVIN MCINNES

Richard Prince Nurse Paintings
Barbara Gladstone Gallery

Here is what happens when someone tells an artist that his every fart is enthralling. Three or five pulp-novel nurse paintings kind of based on Kate Moss would be cool. But an entire book of them? More overkill than *Starlight Express*. And I usually love Richard Prince, too.
EDDIE LUNCHPAIL

Richard Prince Women
Regen Projects

And here is why I usually love Richard Prince. This book is a huge, towering home run over the artist's own id. A book-length scrapbook of every permutation of "woman" that runs around in Prince's mind. Weathered photos of biker mamas, Slits album covers, pretty corn-fed girls in Richard Prince's own "joke painting" T-shirts, and even photos of stacks of trashy and awesome novels by women. This book is like a style guide for how to be a cool girl.
EDDIE LUNCHPAIL



Vanessa Beecroft
Hatje Kantz Publishers

An overrated and pretentious artist, but this book is fun to own because you can compare and contrast all the different labia and boobs in it for hours without getting bored.
LES B. ANN

Too Fast for Love: Heavy Metal Portraits David Yellen
powerHouse Books

Fuck this book. Fuck this bullshit, vampiric piggyback-ride on the backs of heavy-metal fans. And don't believe any rationales you hear this guy spew about having a genuine appreciation for this culture. He might have even convinced himself that his motivations were non-patronizing, but we know the truth. This book is made for snooty assholes to look at together so they can laugh at the funny haircuts, leathery skin, and fully fine recreational activities of a bunch of people with less money who could kick the living shit out of them. Which they should have done to Yellen while he was interloping on their scene and taking pictures of them like a Nazi eugenics collector. And then, as if it couldn't get more vomitous, Chuck Klosterman writes the intro. What the publishers overlooked *there* is that Klosterman sucks harder than any of the music writers he thinks he is in lineage from. (Yes, even fucking Lester Bangs—he was bullshit, too.)
JESSE PEARSON

The Wilco Book
Picturebox, Inc.

Did you ever see that Wilco movie? It's funny. Like "ha-ha" funny, because Jeff Tweedy frets around and avoids people and acts all squirrelly like he's Dylan. It's like a comedy sketch about *Don't Look Back*. Except they didn't mean it as a joke. This guy really does the whole tortured-genius thing to the nth degree. But Jeff, you are not a genius. You're just pretty OK. Wilco is a step above mediocre—why can't anybody see that?

Even so, this book is a nice little guilty pleasure. It is just as self-indulgent as anything these guys have ever done, but it's so earnest that you kind of don't mind. There are photo essays on their practice space and all the stuff in it and on playing a show. The photos are beautiful. Then, for some unknown tortured-genius reason, there are a bunch of paintings by Fred Tomaselli accompanied by a text by Henry Miller. Guess Tweedy likes Henry Miller and wants everyone to know it. I remember liking Henry Miller in high school and talking about it to get laid (smart cheerleaders really liked the whole Henry Miller spiel).
JERRY MCPHEERSON

It never forgives. It never forgets.

Sarah Michelle Gellar

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UGLY DUCKLING
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STARVING ARTISTS CREW
UP POPS THE SAC
DJ ZEPH
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The Game

"IF I LOSE MY VOICE, NIGGA, I'MA FLOW ONLINE"—JADAKISS

Here I go again, looking to J-A-Double for a little philosophical guidance, but these are fraught times, and these young'uns in the game stand to benefit from some of this highly decorated veteran's guidance. Ask the Anticon massive—internet beef is serious business. But where Jada gets it right is that he'll take to the net only as a last resort. He's not up at three in the morning, typing threats into his G5 (or his T-Mobile Sidekick for that matter). He ain't mad at El-P—it's demographics, son.

But there's an incipient trend on the horizon—gangsters on the internet. And these are no regular Icy Hot Stuntaz (drivenbyboredom.com/bling.htm)—these are the real deal. Look at G-Unit comer the Game and Luniz bulldog Yukmouth. They've been trading barbs on wax—particularly cutting were Yuk's digs about Game's high-school appearance on the dating show "Change of Heart," at which point he was sporting a tongue ring—rooted in some archaic beef Yuk has with G-Unit *macher* 50 Cent. Yuk's also allied himself with the chair-chucking Southside Queensites Bang 'Em Smurf and Domination. Even more bizarre, though, are the message-board taunts.

Yuk comes first, recalling a nightclub encounter between the two: "I said I like yo shit & u used 2 fuck with my nigga JT tha Bigga Figga? He said yeah & then I said u know me & C-Bo got problems with 50 Cent. He said, 'That's y'all business, I'm not in that, I'm just signed 2 the nigga 2 make some money.' I said, 'I respect that, get cha paper on!' Then he said, "What's up with Bang Em Smurf & Domination dissin him?' I said, 'I haven't heard it yet & keep it that way.' I shook his hand again & told him, 'Do ya thang cuzz we need 2 bring the west back!' that's how it happened...But now I'm hearin shit from his brother saying they gave me a pass & they checked me!...how did he check me when the whole time we talkin he holdin his 2 chains like I'm gonna snatcn his shit!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

The Game, keeping it digital, came back on *his* message board with the following enlightened position: "Fuck you bitch!!! I guess you betta make that chirp nigga cause I get back in L.A. today and my 1st stop is my house, location: Wilmington & Brazil nigga Compton California!!! Keep talkin bitch & you won't be able to make it out you bed nigga."

Man, this Google Ads rackets is serious. Everybody send postcards to The Game. Or better yet, send him some MacMall gift cards.

Down Texas way, the only fast thing the second-generation sons of Screw are doing is connecting to the World Wide Web. One whole disc of PDF favorite Chamillionaire's recent 3-CD *Mixtape Messiah* is aimed at onetime Swishahouse homie Mike Jones—Chamillionaire dubs him Dyke Jones. But the trill heat was online. "I was impressed that he took all that time 2 hate on me so his cd would sell," Jones wrote. "If he really had beef with me like he is telling yall, he wouldn't have got on radio or mixtapes and announce beef, a real nigga would have came 2 me and we would have han-

CONTINUED ON PG89

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present

SUPER FREAKY KINKY

Outdoor Dance Festival

New Years Day 2005

Byron Bay, New Years Day

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Chick Fights
Shock
Rating: 9.5

Skank With Braids #1 to Skank With Braids #2, "Take it like a bitch, bitch!" The greatest documentary ever made, 'Fights' is now followed by the mother of all sequels—'Chick Fights'. The genius of this film cannot be questioned. Horrible Avril-Lavigne-a-likes smacking each other in the chops with vicious uppercuts while picking out a g-string could only be beat if they were pissing on each other as well.
CHUCK & TITO

I Spit On Your Grave
Force Entertainment
Rating: 8

Someone should make a rape/revenge movie where your average, semi-fit woman cops it from four guys, works on her tan and then systematically seduces the gang and embarks on a shooting, lynching, mincing, cock-chopping rampage. They could make it with jack-shit money and it could be really funny in that creepy kind of way that makes you feel guilty for almost getting a boner.
DON JUAN

WarpVision: The Videos 1989–2004
Warp/Inertia
Rating: 7

It's super easy to beak this down. Before '96, the music and videos are moderately interesting but ultimately embarrassing reminders of the cheesy origins of this classic label. '97–2001 are so incredible that you'll shit in your britches and be completely cool with that. 2002–2004 is spent scratching your head, lamenting the obvious repetition and wishing that digital handycam and computers had never been invented. For many different reasons this is a disturbing insight into the rapid rise and gradual slide of England's electronic dreaming.
RICK

Hexstatic: Masterview
Ninjatune/Inertia
Rating: 5

Ever been to a hip-hop or breaks night that didn't feature mixed up projections of kung-fu movies, old hi-fi advertisements, people playing drums and dodgy scientific diagrams? Well, Hexstatic helped start this shit, it's their responsibility to put an end to it. Throw on a Coldcut mix CD and stare at your screensaver instead. Seriously, grow the fuck up.
NIPPLES

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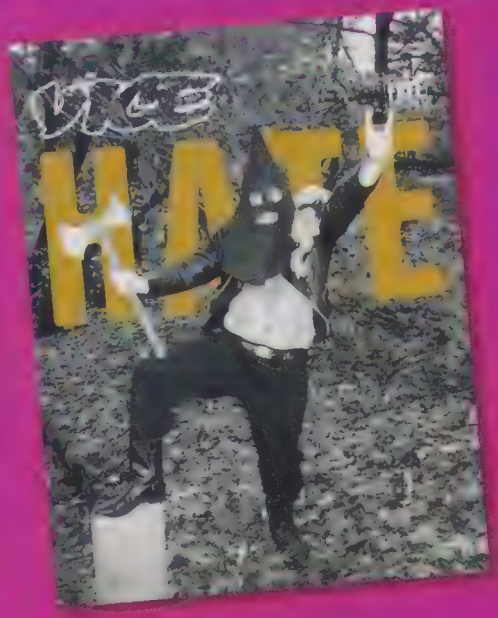

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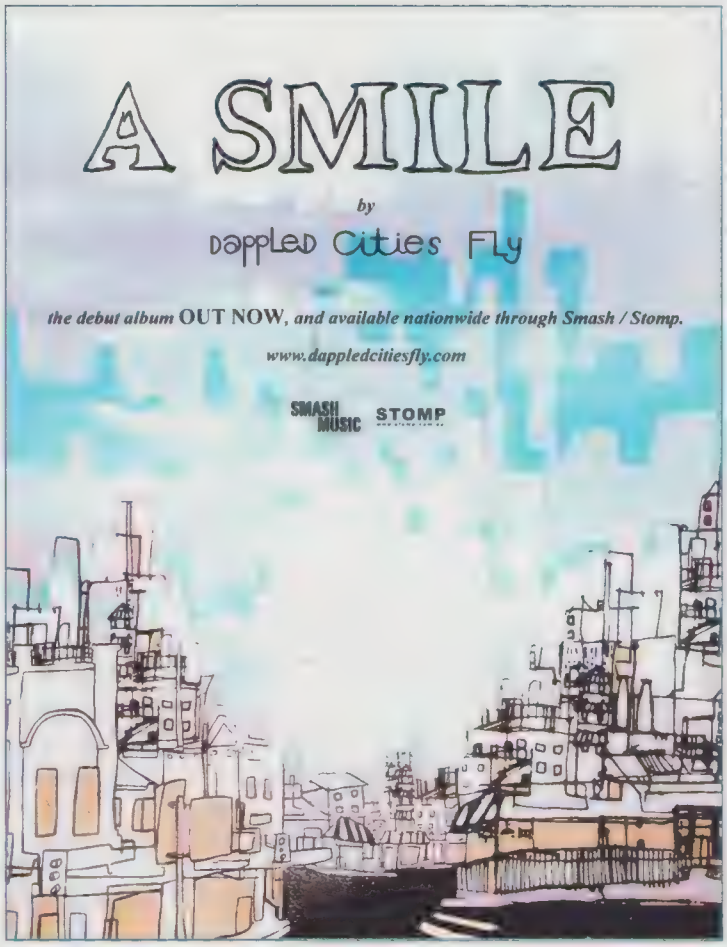

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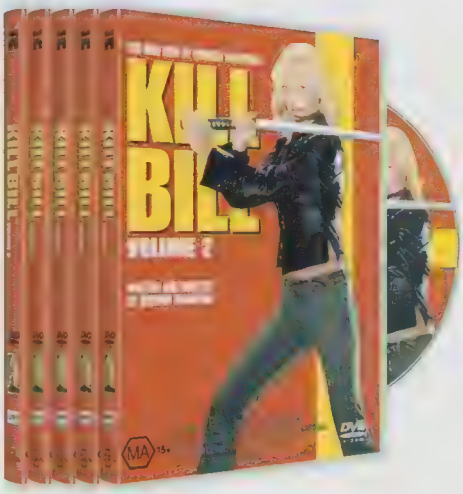


One of 5 Kill Bill 2 DVD prize packs.

BEST ALBUM OF THE MONTH: KIMYA DAWSON

UTD — 7

Manifest Destiny
Studio Distribution

So this is Mos Def's first, early 90s rap group (and yes, he was already nice). Manifest Destiny is their cult-status album that never came out and it sounds like early Pharcyde mixed with early Bush Babees mixed with early Boogiemonsters mixed with early Heiro mixed with early Beatminerz beats mixed with early RZA beats. Good thing, right? Kind of makes you want to do that old 1992 dance where you swing your arms up and down and shake your head really fast like you're rapidly saying "no."
WHOADIE ALLEN

Jean Grae — 8

This Week
Babygrande

Honestly, when I saw this album advertising its production by both 9th Wonder and Midi Mafia, I was a little worried. Then when I saw Jean Grae on the cover, rocking bad Dunks, filling in a backpacker's book of rhymes with a bottle of Hypno on her side, I was even more worried. Homegirl seemed confused. Well, I was mistaken. There is absolutely nothing wrong with her record. Jean spits fire over all the tracks on this coherent, cohesive, conceptual piece of work. Good stuff, and the perfect complement to Masta Ace's equally compelling Long Hot Summer joint.
BLAQUE PAK

Beans — 6.5

Shock City Maverick
Warp/Inertia

Everyone loved Anti-Pop didn't they? That bloody ping-pong track and Ghostlawns and all that. When rappers go solo, anything can happen. Ice Cube killed it, Beans did not. When that first album fell, he was all about arty beats and electro treats, before realising that a) black people wouldn't dance to it, and b) white kids only buy indie-hop if it's cooked up by a cracker political science student from Quebec. Lesson: Party albums equal dollars.
MOTHER EARTH

Mobb Deep — 8.5

Amerikkaz Nightmare
Infamous/Jive

Did we mention that this is the best horrorcore record since 6 Feet Deep?
MACHO

V/A — 9

Studio One Classics
Soul Jazz/Inertia

On May 4th of this year Jamaica lost one of its most amazing pioneers—Clement 'Sir Coxsone Dodd'. Father of Studio One. The man pretty much revolutionised Jamaican Music and produced some of the best songs to ever come off the island. Coxsone never stopped working and word has it died at the control desk. Look it's as simple as this, Soul Jazz don't make bad records, especially when it comes to Reggae and Studio One. Do you really think they're going to put a half assed attempt in making a compilation dedicated to someone they see as Jesus.
MARTIN DOYLE.

Q and Not U — 2

Power
Dischord

Putting out a disco record after you already dropped All Kill No Beep Beep is akin to promising the vaccine for AIDS and then just pooping in a zip-loc bag and calling it a day. This makes Jet look inspired and fresh. Ok, that's not true, but it does make me hate cocaine.
RYAN DUFFY

Nouvelle Vague — 9

Nouvelle Vague
Peacefrog/Creative Vibes

Reading about this bossa-nova demolition of New Wave classics is most likely to leave a lot of people asking, 'Who the fuck are these guys?'. As if the threat of removing all that psychobabble bullshit and wasted idolization you've attach to a song, long after the fact, may leave it void of greatness? Hey Professor Pop! Maybe chill out on the message hunting for a short while, you're making it hard to enjoy an album of incredibly likable songs played in a style that's geared towards beautiful Brazilian women.
JASON EVANS

V/A — 8

Morgan Geist Presents Unclassics
Environ

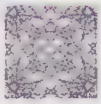
There's this disco in Italy where all the robots go, and they love to clap. They're really good at it, they have clapping down to a science. But this disco's also a video arcade, so the robots that aren't dancing are gaming, and every time they shoot down an alien a little ping resounds throughout the club. You can insert a coin in a robot's mouth, and if you listen closely you can hear it pinging around inside, bouncing off its mechanical heart, which beats on the two. And if watching from the observation deck gets a bit monotonous, hey, that's why robots are superior to us: They never get bored. Ever think about replacing your brain with a computer?
GIUSEPPE GRIDD

Headman — 6

Dance Modern/ Creative Vibes
Eskimo Recordings

Be careful what you wish for.
JASON EVANS

Snap! Crakk! — 8



And The Sea Closed In Over Us
UAR

Now that all the members of Snap!

Vicead "HEADING"

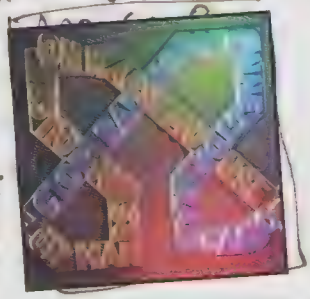
SOMETHING SNAPPY – DRUG REFERENCE? SOMETHING ABOUT BEING GAY?

keylines?

Pinback

Dios Malos

DAVE – SOMETHING LIKE THIS. FEEL FREE TO TAKE IT UP IF YOU COULD BE FUCKED...



MOUSE ON MARS
Radical Connector

FILTER 'some of the most mind altering, twisted electronic pop music in the world'

XLR8R 'MoM have a rooty-tooty good time reconfiguring themselves as the Basement Jaxx of Germany'

PINBACK
SUMMER IN ABADDON

JUNKMEDIA 'delivers an all-inclusive perfection that sets it apart from any other record this year'

PASTE 'an infectious album- the angular melodies of Modest Mouse and the mesmerising vocals of Death Cab For Cutie

dios malos
dios malos

ALLMUSIC GUIDE 'a provocative, stunningly produced piece of spaced out, dreamily textured indie pop – literate, multi-textured, sophisticated and accessible'

NME 'fragile and exquisitely lovely – sort of "Jealous Guy" meets "The Wall"'

Impressive als review spiels

3 different textural things

Rogue logo

Inertia logo

usual – OUT NOW BLAH BLAH ROGUERCRDS Inertia

DAVE – WHADDAYA REFLECTION WE USE THIS FOR THE ACTUAL AD!

WORST ALBUM OF THE MONTH: COLONEL CLAYPOOL'S BUCKET OF BERNIE BRAINS

Crakk! have been reunited—like the pieces of an amazing electro punk jigsaw puzzle—there's just no stopping them. Word has it that their repertoire is going to start including live drums, which is bound to take their sound up even a notch further. This album is pretty much a portable party minus the hangover.
BLINDING LIGHT

The Go! Team 8

Thunder Lightning Strike
Shock

This sounds like an orchestra of carnies jamming on otherworldly instruments to make some of the most serious party music I've heard in a long while.
VENTTI CHAMPION

Pretty Girls Make Graves 8

Good Health
Matador/Remote Control

Y'know what's annoying? When yr ex-hippie parents chew you out for not being more politically active and bitch and moan about the youth of today, blah etc. So you finally get off your arse and go to a rally just to make them shut the fuck up, and then they moan and whine about how the kids of today don't know what real revolution or activism is about. Man that's annoying. Lesson learned: Don't listen to yr parents, just stay in yr room listening to angry, anthemic indie rock safe in the knowledge that bands that break down the barriers of emo, hardcore and street punk are doing more to change the world than you ever could.
CORE EDGE

Blood Brothers 9

Crimes
V2

There was a kid I went to elementary school with who had seizures every time we watched sex ed films. They'd get to the sticky goods portion of the movie and bang, he'd hit carpet and we'd all try to find something to stare at in the ceiling. If that same kid heard this record he'd go into convulsions and die. It's like sex at the speed of sound.
JENNIFER MAERZ

Lair of the Minotaur 10

Carnage
Southern Lord

YES!! FUUUUUUCK YES!!!! CUT HIS FUCKING HEAD OFF! I hope you fashion a necklace out of his ears like Dolph Lundgren did in Universal Soldier. That's what the little fucker gets for entering your cave in his pussy-ass shiny armor. Fuck listening to this, I'm just going to get the cover tattooed on my throat.
BRYCE FRANICH

Pig Destroyer 7

Terrifyer
Relapse

So, I walk past a group of thugged-out black kids recently and notice them checking me out really hard. I figure I'm going to get the shit beat out of me, but then one of them says, "Yo man, I like that shirt." I'm all, "yeah, thanks" and keep walking. About half a block away I realize I'm wearing a giant crucified woman on my chest with the words PIG DESTROYER across the top. Ummm... right. So anyway, I really think this album is going to blow up in the inner-city hip hop community.
ARTIE PHILIE

Crime 10

San Francisco's STILL Doomed
Swami

This CD is like the look on a retarded kid's face who crosses the finish line at the Special Olympics and finds out his first prize is a bazillion dollars delivered inside a solid gold Camaro driven by a nude Dolly Parton. That kid's perfect victory day is equal to this righteously rocking CD, which runs parallel with everything truly wonderful in this world.
NELLA KRAM

Witchcraft 8

s/t
Rise Above

What the hell is going on in Sweden? Seriously, the jams coming out of Sweden these days are insane. While the Americans are pussying out to sideways-haircut Duran Duran wannabes, these Yeti-looking motherfuckers in Sweden are rocking embroidered tunics and cranking out mega-heavy psych/prog rock that makes the last twenty years of shit-pop seem like nothing but a bad dream. Kudos, Sweden... Kudos.
CARLOS THE DWARF

Turing Machine 6

Zwei
Frenchkiss

Like watching a film sequence where some huge project gets done in minutes, listening to Turing Machine will make any undertaking seem like baking cookies on Sunday. It's precise motivational rock without that messy vocals stuff.
LAURA LAMPTON

Hello Biafra and The Melvins 8.5

Never Breathe What You Can't See
Alternative Tentacles/Shock

Holy ass munch! I wanna smash shit up worse than the Off Spring. Picture a mere cat licking an Arab's sweaty asshole with its prickly tongue while your favourite politician cops head for twenty off a horny meth whore. Judgment day has arrived and I suggest you quickly become friends with God. Play this album driving a Cadillac head first into a mushroom cloud.
GOLDY

Isis 3

Panopticon
Ipecac

Panopticon is an identity crisis of a crappy ambient metal committed to tape. Listening to it is like getting the wax drained from your ears one drip at a

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BEST COVER OF THE MONTH: PIG DESTROYER

time. Sure things sorta sound better toward the end, but there's a lot of formless yellow crap they've gotta dig through first.
JENNIFER MAERZ

The Futureheads 7

s/t
679 Recordings

Uch, what a terrible band name. Can we please call a moratorium on band names ending with "-head," for fuck's sake? It's so totally 90s. That said, this album is kinda a little bit awesome. I didn't wanna like it cuz everyone's so on their jock right now and a lot of their songs do sound like "My Sharona." But they have really good high-energy harmonizing and I'm in love with their pumped cover of "Hounds of Love." The dude has an awesome, thick North England accent so it comes out, "The hounds of looohf are calling." It's so cute, it's totally my new favorite song.
AMY K

Elliot Smith 7.5

From A Basement On The Hill
Domino/Remote Control

Thank God the prince of indie-pop ballads denounced his Beatles fascination and embraced his crummy, down and out, woe is me inner troubadour roots yet again. Of course, it did kill him but...
BREASTPLATE

Kimya Dawson 9.5

Hidden Vagenda
K

Hey Kimya, guess what? I love you. Your new album makes my heart wanna do a one handed cartwheel. My favorite song is "I Will Never Forget," which I listen to when I ride my bike all over the city, and then I come home and lock it up so that no one will steal it. I think this is your best album and the way you tell the truth in rhymes and melodies really makes me feel good and special. Thank you for this magical album, and thank you for reminding me why I love music.
EMILY GENDERSACK

Holly Coughtry 9

Slowly But Surely
Damaged Goods/Shock

Are Jesus and his baby lambs hiding out in Toe Rag Studios? Is golden fleece sprinkled over the controls? Cuz this is the 3rd album from there that I've heard this year that is fucking superb. If you like country, psychedelic california soul, garage, blues, rockabilly ballads with a voice that could melt testicles and perculate your ovaries, you'll be on your way to get this tomorrow.
MARTIN DOYLE

Laura Fattoruso 7

Early Song
Drag City/Inertia

Looks like 'hemlock-folk' has finally achieved the revival it's been threatening for hundreds of years. Everyone should rush out of their mud huts and check out this medieval minstrel who calls on the spirits of ye olde to save the sacrificial maiden from the clutches of the dark priest (name withheld due to ongoing legal proceedings) and restore order to the once prosperous forest.
RICK

Brian Wilson 5

Smile
Warner

The whole beauty of the 'picnic at hanging rock' saga was that it appeared as though a mysterious undeterminable entity had swallowed and claimed the lives of those mesmerising, breathtaking creatures, creating an everlasting myth of terribly spooky proportions. Imagine how disappointing it would be if the guys from C.S.I discovered and resurrected their molested, mutilated corpses for all to see. Just imagine.
ANNA GRIMES

New Buffalo 8

The Last Beautiful Day
Dot Dash/Inertia

Being in love with another man's missus is just plain shitty. If she's fit it's even worse and if she has the most ridiculously gentle, calming voice in the known universe (Melbourne) then the whole situation is downright devastating. Could you imagine how awesome it would be if this girl was singing to you just after you brushed your teeth?
CAREN KARPENTER

The Rumours 8

We Are Happy
Cavalier/Shock

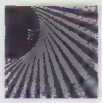
James Rumours has a reputation for being a bit of a Don Juan amongst Melbourne scenesters. However, judging by these tunes and the number of times he sincerely, without any trace of irony, calls the subjects of his songs 'baby', you can't help but think that maybe there's a gap in his heart. If the message on this album is 'STOP DUMPING ME!' then I encourage all the ladies to ignore him if it means they will continue to make music this good.
HUGH OWENS

Nancy Sinatra 4

Nancy Sinatra
Sanctuary

I don't care who yer daddy was. Just cuz you pulled a Loretta and got Julian Casablah-blah to produce your shit don't make it hot. I know, I know, you've got the H-Factor (Hazelwood Factor) and alladat. In fact I'm adding 2 points to your score for that alone. I bet that pussy's still good though.
PHILLIPE RASHARD WINK

Six Organs Of Admittance 9



The Manifestation
Strange Attractions

We've told you enough times that this guy is a genius, so just go buy this folk-psych classic, lovingly reissued with extras and all. Fucking today, dude.
J.C.P

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WORST COVER OF THE MONTH: THE FUTUREHEADS

Colonel Claypool's Bucket of Bernie Brains 0

The Big Eyeball in the Sky
Prawn Song

Oh my god, Les Claypool is soooooo weird. What a totally zany idea to combine the lyrical prowess of Atom and His Package with the full-on albino-funk attack of the Red Hot Chili Peppers on acid that they bought in the NYU dorms from a kid in one of those kinda Mexican hippie-sweater poncho things. And they threw in Buckethead, which is kind of like attaching a naked photo of Natalie Portman to an email that says you don't have HIV. Wild.
RYAN DUFFY

Boredoms 7.5

Seadrum/ House Of Sun
Warner Music Japan

Oh, the excitement when the first Boredoms record in five years is released! Oh, the frustration when you discover it's only ever going to be available in Japan! Oh, the elation when someone sends it to you as a surprise! Oh, the disappointment when it appears to be nothing more than two songs culled from their last album! Oh, the relief when you realise you don't actually care because it's still fucking awesome tribal psych. Oh, the pain when you know its going to another five years to hear more.
P.J DUPREE

My Disco 8.5

Language Of Numbers
Crashing Jets

The first couple of stabs sound exactly like the start of *Eye of the Tiger*. Thankfully, the rest of the EP sounds absolutely nothing like it. Whether doing it live or recorded, My Disco sway between slow jams and insane frenzies shelling out some of the best angular music this town has ever produced.
BLINDING LIGHT

The Cramps 9.5

How To Make A Monster: Introducing The Cramps
Vengeance

How they could let people who sound like they should be in a mental institution actually go into a mental institution and play their mental music to people who really are mental, is and always will be completely beyond me.
NICK AT NIGHT

The Prefects 8

Are Amateur Wankers
Acute/Carpark

In the immortal words of some dude from 1977 "I honestly can't understand why the world isn't bazoomi about The Prefects". Actually, it may have been the band who said that, but it's so spot on it doesn't matter. Dumb, straight Northern punk that somehow managed to side-step convention occasionally and stumble into the world of post-velvets meanderings and unhinged Beefheart jams. Like the man said, positively bazoomi.
MEATHOOK

Bobby BeauSoleil 8.5

Lucifer Rising OST
Arcanum

Yes, the same Bobby BeauSoleil who hung out with Charlie Manson and is in prison forever. Here, with his Freedom Orchestra (a bunch of fellow cons) he made a scary and loose free rock soundtrack to Kenneth Anger's classic satanic magic film. Reissue of the year.
FREDERIQUE FRANKS

Bird Blobs 9

S/T
Unstable Ape

If rape is a crime of love then the Bird Blobs can pin me down and cram their gorged members into my torn and gaping mouth whilst the guitar menaces me from the corner of the room, playing out the years of psychosis to follow with all its sweaty writhing and tortured screeches. This is a brutal bunch of Australian songs made by a brutal bunch of bastards, who are, as the pounding dance beat would suggest, gentlemen underneath it all.
HUGO KLANG

Triosk 8

Moment Returns
Leaf/Inertia

Australian loop-based "jazz" trio Triosk jammed it out with Berlin's Jan Jelinek on 1+3+1 last year, and now everybody's saying things like, "Jazz is back!" and "Jazz didn't die on September 11 like we thought it did!" and "Terrorists won't know what to do when they hear this jazz stuff!" Listen guys, two things. One, terrorists will know what to do when they hear this jazz stuff—they'll probably dance—and two, jazz cied on April 20, 1999, the day of the Columbine shootings.
JACQUES SAUNIER

Virgin Prunes 5

An Exhibition
Mute/EMI

I once knew this 75 year-old alcoholic queen named Griff—a regular character who inexplicably spent all his time at a straight dive bar in Denton, Texas. Every night at 1am, Griff would get inebriated enough to crawl up on the bar and do an interpretive, lip-synch dance with a scarf draped over his head and a candle held beneath his face. All the nubile, heterosexual college guys would yell "Griff! Go Griff!" and throw bottle caps at his feet and laugh. He seemed addicted to the attention and oblivious to the mockery. He lived for it—to him it was love. Griff would have loved this CD.
NELLA KRAM

Animal Collective/Black Dice 7.5

Paw Tracks
Wastered Split 12"

What's better than having sex with a record of gibbering cricket and ecstatic firefly sounds...? Flipping it over and pretending it's an eight year old Brian Eno.
CAREN KARPENTER

CONTINUED FROM PG22 (I HATE THE RIGHT)

With Pat Buchanan, at least he's an educated guy who can speak knowledgeably from his many, many years of experience in government; plus, he's an avid reader. But what you can't take out of Pat Buchanan is his upbringing by a strict Irish-Catholic father. Eric Alterman said it best: "Pat Buchanan is Archie Bunker with an Ivy League education." And that to me says it all. This is the type of guy who's a racist, but who couches it in a rhetoric of jobs and quotas. He neglects to mention that the jobs he's talking about are things that nobody does if immigrants don't do them for four cents an hour. Things like sharecropping, busing tables, and toilet cleaning.

This country was founded on immigration. Every single one of us can point back to our great-grandparents, some to our grandparents, and they were immigrants. Right-wingers have a problem with immigration for the wrong reasons. There are sound reasons to be worried about immigration, such as the fact that all these people are coming in without appropriate educational systems or healthcare. Those are not the reasons that most right-wingers are anti-immigration. They are more worried about the economy being burdened. That's kind of ironic, because right-wingers today are not fiscally prudent. They are by no means "conservative" in the original political definitions of the term. They are corporate profiteerists who believe in nothing other than entrenchment of power by any means. It's very cynical.
JANEANE GAROFALO

CONTINUED FROM PG78 (POCKETS DUMB FAT)

dled." And this from a man who makes himself *available*: Get on his website (whoismikejones.com), grab his phone number, and call him to see for yourself.

Chamillionaire, of course, set to typing an essay-length comeback, ruminating on his bank account, his paid-off cars and trucks, and making $11 per CD: "Real niggaz don't have to act real. Real niggaz do real thangs. They check pussy niggaz when they get outta line. You woulda loved for me to try to talk shit out wit you since I have a problem. But naw I decided to do something better that you wouldn't like...Ruined your credibility."

Some folk do that to themselves, though. And you know who's still trippin', fool? The originators of this 'net shit, that's who. When Buck 65 recently went off on hip-hop in *Kerrang* (he was prodded and coerced, he swears), none other than Sage Francis, his onetime homie and touring partner, took to the 'net. On the Non Prophets message board, he declaimed simply, "Buck has had his head up his arse for many years now. I'm surprised he's going public with it." And then, the murder ink: "He needs friends who aren't revolving-door girlfriends, that's all." On another message board, Buck apologized for his statements, but the 'net doesn't forget. Google "Buck 65" "Kerrang" "hip-hop" for time eternal, and the smear will remain. It's the new thug life: The Hate U Give Lives (on the) Internet For Ever.
JON CARAMANICA

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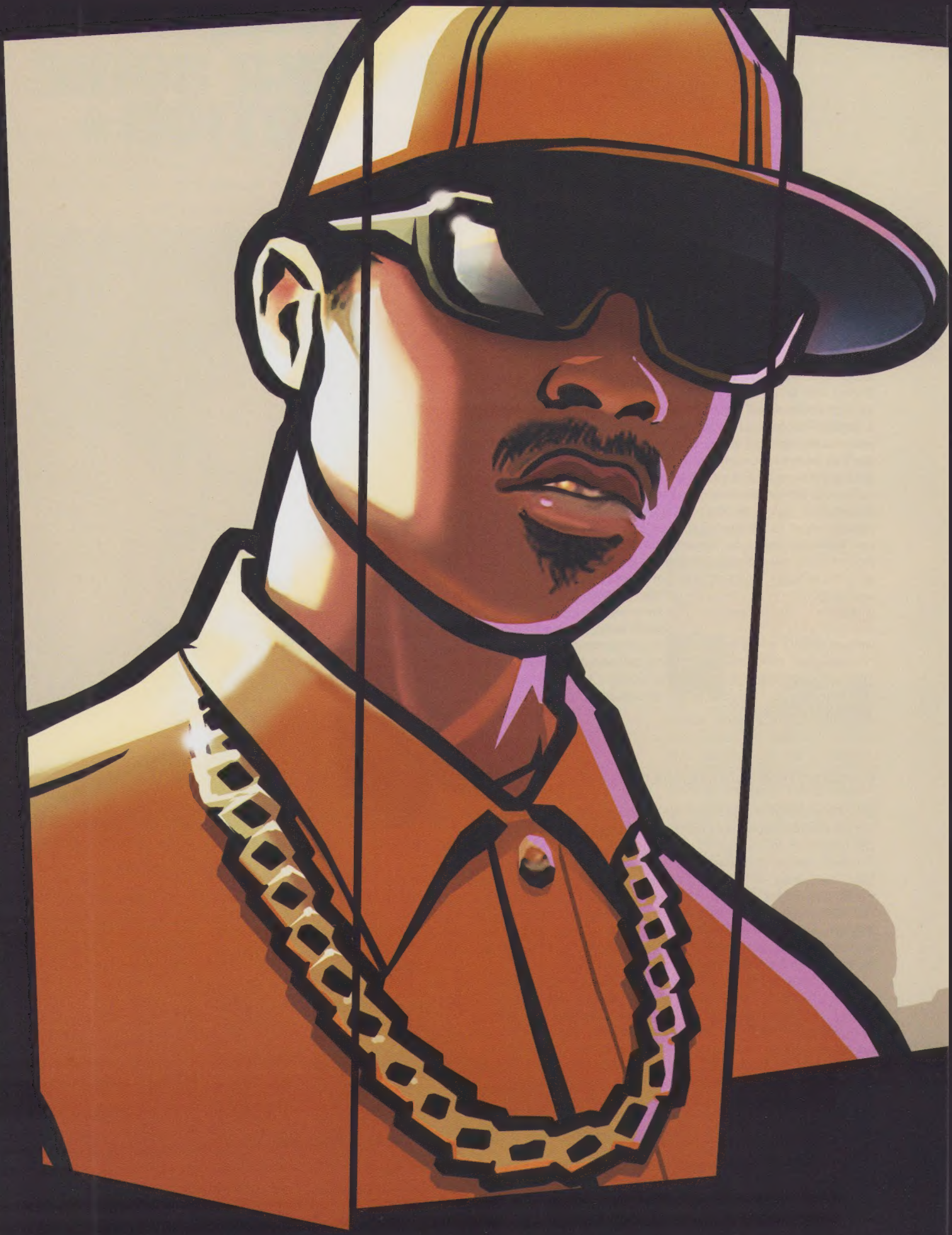

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